JOHN BULL, MAY 7, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1351.

LAST DAYS TO WIN £3,000 X-WORD See page 36

JOHN BULL

Famous "232" Flannels now cost only 13/9

AND THE QUALITY REMAINS UNCHANGED!

13/9 is all you need to pay for "232" to-day, yet *in every detail of cut and quality they are the same fine British flannels which more than 3,000,000 men agreed were the best that 14/11 could buy!*

"232" Flannels cost you less, because they are being made in greater quantity than ever before. Not a thread of the quality which made them famous at 14/11 has been sacrificed, and they are still made, every pair, in one factory under the personal supervision of the directors.

Throughout Great Britain to-day all leading outfitters can supply "232" in your choice of four shades to fit you perfectly from an amazing range of 68 fittings. And they cost you—only 13/9! Outsizes a little extra!

'SANDOM' HANDYCOATS

21/-

27/6, 35/-

A sports jacket worthy of wear with "232" needs no further recommendation of quality and value. The makers of "232" offer "Sandom" Handycoats through the medium of good shops everywhere in a variety of patterns and fittings which ensure your immediate and lasting satisfaction.

'CENTACORT' WHITE & GREY FLANNELS

18/9

100% WOOL

At their original price of 21/- "Centacort" White Flannels won such wide approval and achieved so great a demand that this year the makers have been able to produce the *identical flannels* at the greatly reduced price of 18/9. Their success has also inspired the introduction of "Centacort" Greys—flannels of supreme style and value in two shades at 18/9.

"232" FLANNELS

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"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the stores of the United Africa Co., Ltd., and associated companies.

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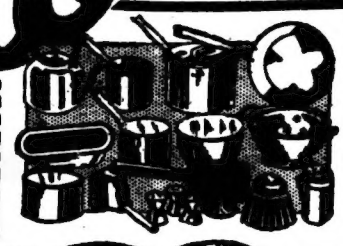

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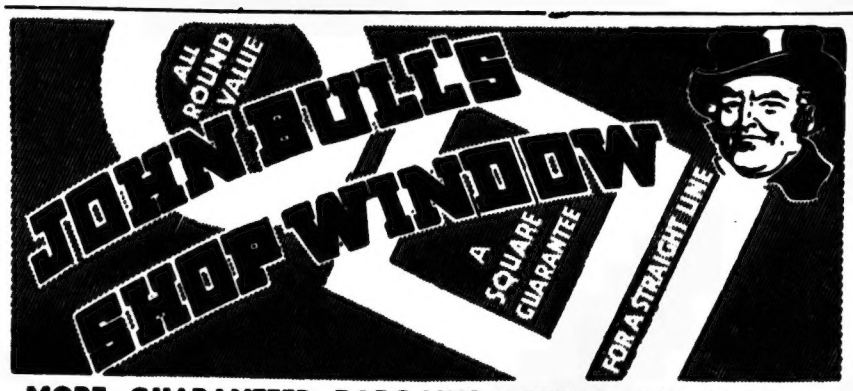

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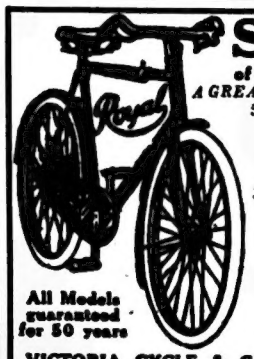

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1 Damask Table Cloth
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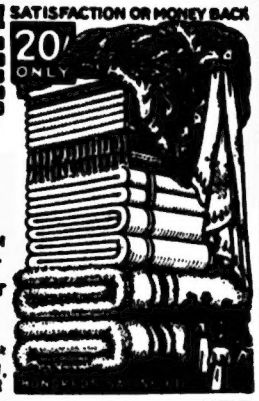
1 Pr. Art. Silk Stockings
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Lady's Printed Overall



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5/6

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3/6 VALUE for 2/6 only

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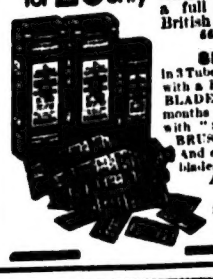
In 3 Tubes (Two 1/- size and One 6d. size) with a FREE GIFT OF 8 "SAXTON" BLADES (VALUE 1/-). You'll get months and months of perfect shaving with "SAXTONIA"—NO SOAP, NO BRUSH, NO LATHERING . . . And eight keen, British, 3-hole type blades for nothing.



ASK YOUR CHEMIST — *or send P.O. for 2/6 to:*— SAXTONIA PRODUCTS LTD Walbrook Wharf, Cousin Lane, E.C.4.

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CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Largest Cash Commission. Greatest Satisfaction.

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YOU can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand, Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, who made in the first year net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on outlay of £14. One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for **FREE FOLDER**, "How to Start a Mail Business," to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

35/- British Made FLANNEL SUITS for 25/-

Positively to-day's greatest bargain in Flannel Suits. Smartly cut in high-grade British made Union Flannel of fashionable medium grey shade, fully shrunk and tested for wear. Faultlessly tailored in double-breasted style. Coat lined throughout with breast pocket outside and inside, side pockets. Trousers are generously cut with good pleats, side straps, hip and side pockets. Suits have been inspected by representative of JOHN BULL and are genuinely worth 35/-. **Our Price 25/- only.** Post 9d. extra. Send NOW (stating waist, chest and inside leg measurements), and if not delighted we will return money in full.

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108 SQ. FT. for 3/- with order OR 14/6 cash

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It will not be possible much longer to sell superior TRI-NOLEUM at the same price as ordinary floor coverings, so ORDER NOW!

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2/- with order brings 108 sq. ft., carriage paid. Balance fortnightly. Cash Price 14/6. Larger areas at same rate. TRI-NOLEUM wears three times as long as ordinary lino. Lies flat without tacks or paste. Never needs scrubbing. Damp-proof and rot-proof. Beautiful bright patterns; wide selection. Send this COUPON for free patterns NOW!

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Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

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SNAP IT!
SNAP IT!

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Value at least 15/-
WITH 'DOUBLE-LENS'
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as well as 'LONG-SHOTS'

free
FOR SMOKING 30 PACKETS
of twenty Black Cat
Red-Band (=150 COUPONS)

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MUD will STICK!

Buzfuz, the legal bully, can "divest his victim of every shred of moral character"

IT is obvious from many cases that have recently come before the courts that vindictive people are more and more making use of the law as a vehicle for their own personal vengeance.

Mud sticks. It is an old saying and a true one. And mud thrown at a person in a court of law is the stickiest of all.

The game is to drag men and women into the dock or witness-box on the flimsiest pretext and make aspersions against their moral character, even though they be completely innocent.

These unfortunate victims leave the courts "without a stain on their characters." To which the cynical world replies, "No smoke without fire."

The damage is done beyond repair. A man may find his reputation gone, his business ruined. And though he may have a cause of action for malicious prosecution, this is a long and expensive business

This is a scandalous state of affairs that should not be tolerated.

It won't come off

ONLY the other day a London magistrate, Mr. Barrington-Ward, K.C., described a case that came before him as "a precipitate and unwarranted use of criminal law."

These are strong words and strike a much-needed note of warning, but much more is required than strong words if frivolous and malevolent prosecutors are to be discouraged from bringing charges merely to inflict wanton injury on people they have a grievance against.

We are not surprised that their victims are staggered to find that the law, which they have been brought up to regard as their protector, not only fails adequately to safeguard them against malicious prosecutors, but provides them with no means by which they can clean off the mud that has been thrown at them.

The classic instance of a gross abuse of law courts occurred some years ago before Lord Darling.

The reputation of many of the best-known people of the day was assailed in wild statements from the witness-box, and Mr. Justice Darling, as he then was, found himself powerless to stop it.

False charge menace

DOZENS of celebrities had their names dragged through the mud, without being able to lift a finger to defend their good names against this disgraceful attempt to discredit them.

But for every celebrated case like this there are hundreds of small ones in which lesser people—but people equally entitled to protection against the whims of their accusers—are put in the pillory for no fault of their own.

And there is, unfortunately, as we all know, no limit to which their shameless persecutors will not go to serve their own ends.

It is actually recorded of one prosecutor that, before bringing a charge of theft against an innocent man, he exacted a signed false confession by the use of threats.

One of the mud-slingers' easiest targets, as everybody knows, is the election candidate. A damaging charge is "trumped up" against him during his campaign and he has no chance of vindicating his character before the poll.

When he is able to do so it is too late to repair the damage done him. Some of the mud still sticks. "Oh, yes, he was in that case, wasn't he?" it is said afterwards.

The fact that he cleared his name and was awarded substantial damages is much more easily forgotten than are the slanderous aspersions that were cast upon his character.

It must be remembered, too, that the victimised party in this misuse of the courts is not always the person prosecuted. It may be a plaintiff or a witness.

A good example of this is that very deserving and hard-working member of the community, the small shopkeeper, who brings a bad customer into court to recover a long-standing debt.

The customer, if he is malignant enough, retaliates by falsely alleging that he refused to pay because, let us say, the butcher served him with bad meat, or the dairyman's milk was half water.

Even if the court makes an order for the bill to be paid, the damage has been done. The bad meat and adulterated milk lies stick in the minds of those who are ever ready to believe the worst, and a ruinous loss of custom by the trader is often the result.

There is yet another aspect of this abominable practice of mud-slinging in the courts that we condemn. That is the way certain lawyers themselves attack the character of witnesses.

Within proper limits the testing of a witness's character is right and necessary, but often it is carried much too far.

A witness of unquestionable integrity, and who is obviously speaking the truth, is frequently made to appear a person whose word cannot for one moment be believed.

Dark hints are made that he has something shameful in his life to conceal.

Questions that are pure suppositions are put to him which, to the vast majority of people who know nothing of legal methods, divest him of every shred of moral character.

Sergeant Buzfuz is, in fact, still too much with us to-day, and bullied witnesses are often made to feel not that by giving their evidence they are assisting the law, but that they are in the dock rather than in the witness-box.

Counter action!

THE methods of Buzfuz are of the same reprehensible brand as those of the vindictive prosecutors whom we cannot too strongly denounce.

"I'll show you up"—even when there is nothing to show up—is invariably the revengeful spirit in which they pursue their prey.

When a jockey or trainer lodges an objection against a horse that has won, and the Jockey Club stewards rule, as they sometimes do, that it is frivolous, the jockey or trainer who brought it is fined.

The same thing must be done in the courts. Penalties must be imposed by judges and magistrates on people who bring frivolous actions.

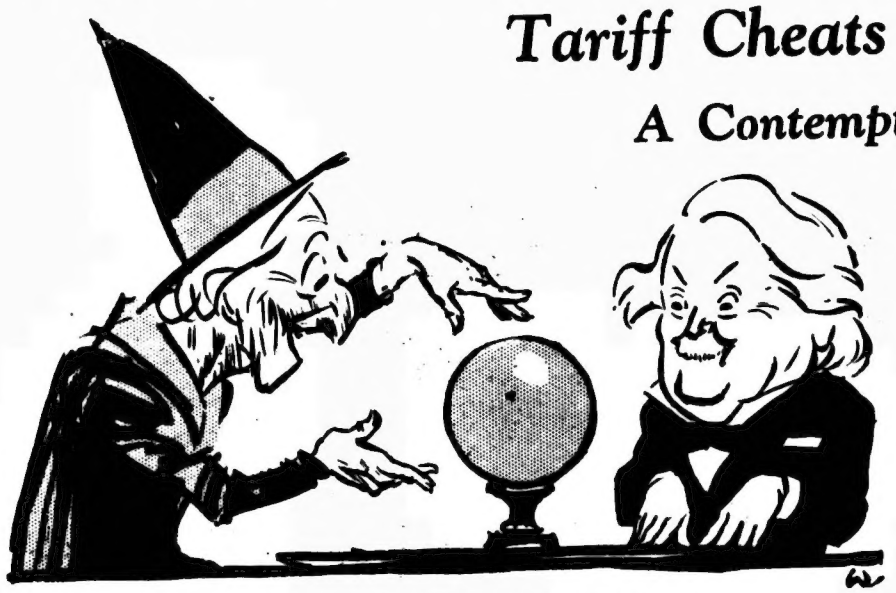
And the Buzfuz barrister should be severely dealt with by the Benchers of his Inn.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

Lloyd George Ready with Five-Year Plan

Tariff Cheats Get to Work

A Contemptible Father



Welsh Wizard: "O.K., witch. That's what I want to happen in the next five years"

WHAT is Mr. Lloyd George up to? The stormy Clacton conference has shown that he is still the real power behind the throne of Liberalism, and that a growing number of bewildered Liberals are turning to him for a lead.

That lead, when he gives it, will be a move in the direction of a working agreement with the Labour Party.

Waiting his time

It is true that no conversations have as yet officially taken place towards that end. But they will when Mr. Lloyd George considers the time ripe.

He aims at reconstituting the Liberal Party as a Radical Party under his leadership.

If he succeeds he will work for a five years' agreement with Labour, under which his followers would be given a clear field in the rural areas.

Tariff tricksters

Some traders are planning to escape payment of full duties on goods just placed on the tariff list.

Their scheme is simple. An article sold by a foreign importer to a British merchant is invoiced at much below its real cost, and duty is paid only on this false low value. The balance of the purchase price is paid later through secret channels, the merchant and the importer sharing the saving.

Make them pay

The scheme is worked mainly by foreign companies with subsidiaries here, and in such cases the whole of the amount saved goes to the foreigner.

The Board of Trade must keep a close watch for these tricks. And there must be no hesitation over a severe penalty when attempts to defraud the revenue are discovered.

Another front bencher?

There may be another by-election in a Yorkshire industrial constituency very soon.

If the sitting Conservative Member resigns, the Labour Party will make a big effort to get another ex-Minister back to the Commons to strengthen the Opposition front bench.

As we forecast

Our readers will not be surprised to hear that Dr. Orchard, the famous preacher who recently left the King's Weigh House, Mayfair, is now in Rome preparing for ordination into the Catholic Church.

This follows our exclusive and sensational disclosures last February that Dr. Orchard was ordained years ago by Vernon Herford, who styles himself Bishop of Mercia and Middlesex, and is the central figure in an amazing secret religious movement.

As we pointed out, Dr. Orchard had regularly said Masses, heard confessions, and given individual absolutions.

Hot water for him

Don't be surprised if there is trouble presently about the political views of a well-known miners' leader.

Last autumn he sent a letter to the Premier expressing his approval of Mr. MacDonald's conduct during the financial crisis.

Some of his colleagues will ask why when the Miners' Federation holds its annual conference at Folkestone in July.

Awkward

The Admiralty is likely to be embarrassed by the presence of Don Jaime, third son of the ex-King of Spain, at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth.

Alfonso's visit there caused questions to be asked in Parliament, and now he wants his son to become an officer in our Navy in due course, without first becoming a British subject.

This will certainly prove a delicate proposition.

Financier and poet

Gerald Lee Bevan, once a famous financier and associate of Hatry, is now managing a distillery in Havana which supplies some of the bootlegging chiefs in New York.

Since his release from prison he has written a book of poems, some of which are very religious, soon to be published in New York under the title of "Songs in Exile."

We hope he stays in exile.

Better late than—

We welcome the cut of £7,000 in the total salaries of the English Law Officers. It should have been made long ago.

In the fourteen months ending in August, 1931, Sir William Jowitt, then Attorney-General, received £44,558 in salary and fees. In the same period the Premier received only £5,800.

What a father!

We have nothing but contempt for the Ibstock, Leicestershire, man summoned for owing nearly £18 under an affiliation order. Drawing weekly unemployment benefit for the child, he had spent it on himself.

He deserves every day of his two months' sentence. The pity is that the State will have to keep him during that time.

The limit in meanness

Readers drawing old-age pensions under the Old Age Pensions Acts, 1908/24, should take care that relatives do not give them any assistance, for it is all assessed as "means."

The value of free meals is also taken into consideration when deciding how much pension they may have.

Meanness could go no further. The Government should see that these anomalies are removed without delay.

Munificent miners

No greater proof of the traditional generosity of miners could be found than the gift of £20,000, or, if necessary, £25,000 from the Miners' Welfare Fund for a new X-ray department at Sheffield Royal Hospital.

Professor Naish, the senior physician there, says he has always admired the way the miners of the area have managed their affairs. So have we.

Send them to jail

Shop-lifting is getting worse. Even in the provinces it is quite a usual occurrence now for as much as a thousand pounds' worth of stock to disappear from the big stores.

These thefts will continue to increase until offenders are sent to jail without the option of a fine.

Town of kind hearts

Hats off to Oldham magistrates. When a Huddersfield youth was charged there with loitering, he said he was an orphan, workless, and tired and hungry.

He was bound over and a job found for him at Manchester. The clerk of the court gave £1 from his own pocket to pay for the lad's boots and clothes, the magistrates granted £1 from the poor box, and one handed a personal donation to the court missionary.

Good work

Mr. George Lansbury's appeal on behalf of thousands of school children whose holidays are in danger through economies on education is well-timed.

The School Journeys Association is the organisation which arranges the taking of children on "object-lesson" tours in this country and abroad, and obviously it should be supported.

The children need holidays—and education of the wider aspect is more necessary to-day than it ever was.

Judge's disclosures

Judge Leigh did well to disclose the sharp business methods associated with some Manchester cemeteries.

People are induced to buy graves and then find they have signed a contract to erect a headstone, which in some parts costs £30.

Surely this is a matter for the attention of the City Council?

Out of touch

Thirteen West Suffolk police stations are on the telephone, but fifty-one are not. That is the amazing discovery of the new Chief Constable.

With the advent of motors and educated criminals, he says, it is essential that the police should have the telephone at their elbow.

We have been saying this for years.

Stop this fight!

The Bournemouth-Swanage Road and Ferry Company is still doing its best to stop a few ferrymen from earning their living by running a service across Shell Bay.

Two years ago we denounced this company's methods. Though it lost its case in the House of Lords, it has now obtained landing rights at South Haven Point, subject to payment of a toll by passengers.

Local bodies are opposing this imposition, and—in the interests of the public and the ferrymen—we hope they win.

Bungle

Shabby treatment has certainly been dealt to the thrifty people who, ten years ago, built bungalows at Moreton, near Wallasey, after the plans had been approved by Wirral Rural Council.

Now the area has been absorbed by Wallasey Corporation, which describes the dwellings as unfit for habitation and proposes to demolish them.

If it does, the owners, who cannot claim compensation, will find themselves homeless and yet saddled with mortgages!

Congratulations

"Postpone wedding and play in match. We can get married any day, but it is not easy to pick up an international cap," is the wire Miss Nellie Butterworth, of Colwyn Bay, has sent to her fiancé, T. Lynch, the footballer chosen to represent North Wales on May 7, his arranged wedding day.

This is the spirit that wins bigger games than football.

Gone away

A salary of £3 10s. a week was offered by Burbridge and Co., of Hemel Hempstead, Herts, who advertised for debt collectors, offered them a week's trial, and asked for a shilling postal order to cover costs.

We warned many readers from parting with their money. Others have had their orders returned, marked "Gone away."

Reputable firms do not ask fees of this kind.

Mr. Housewife

Boys are being trained in cooking and general domestic duties, and girls in carpentry, plumbing and similar work in New Ferry council school, Cheshire.

The scheme has proved so successful that it is difficult to find room for would-be students.

Well, it's good to hear of at least one town where new ideas in education are put to the test.

An old dodge

We need hardly say we have no connection with the £100 "John Bull Competition" run by City of London Warehouse Co., of Foster Lane, London. Successful competitors find they have to order goods to the value of 15s. to qualify for the "final points."

A similar contest has been organised by Sterling Textiles, Ltd., of Southampton Buildings, London.

We advise our readers to have no dealings with such dubious schemes.

Public danger

The passing of the death sentence on an 18-year-old Darwen youth for outraging and murdering a little girl is a further reminder of the danger of allowing mental and moral degenerates their freedom.

The lad had already been in a reformatory for five years for attacking a child of two, and three near relatives had been confined in mental hospitals.

Honourable mention

After having to criticise many masters of poor-law institutions, we are glad to find one we can praise.

When a Barnstaple man was taken to hospital, his only companion, a mongrel dog, followed him. The master, Mr. George, refused to hand it to the police, who would have destroyed it because the licence hadn't been paid.

Reported to the Area Committee for this refusal, he then paid the money himself.

What Price GLORY— Now!

by a V.C. who wishes he'd never won it

The Victoria Cross would open doors to prosperity and contentment, he thought then. But he knows better now

I WONDER how many people realise to-day that many V.C.s who a few years ago were fêted as national heroes are to-day facing starvation?

Nay, what is more, that to possess the War's most coveted award is often a hindrance rather than a help to them in the Battle of Peace—the fight to find a job for themselves and food for their families.

Two years have passed since the V.C.s' Dinner was held in London. To those who knew the facts, it was a revelation of the sad straits into which so many V.C.s had fallen. For out of 300 who attended, more than 100 had to be assisted financially.

Many of us actually had to redeem our medals from pawn for the occasion, and afterwards not a few of these medals were repawned!

The public stood us drinks, and even promised us jobs. But not many of these offers were serious, and none of them that I heard of ever materialised.

In a little while people grew tired of the subject of V.C.s. After all, they thought, we had had our Dinner!

Of course, there is nothing exceptional these days in being out of a job and feeling the pinch of want. All the same, a V.C. who is up against it is in rather a different position from other men. Not only is his decoration no help to him; it actually singles him out as a butt for exploitation.

Take my own case. Before the War I had a promising post in a technical college. In the ordinary course of events I should have returned to it soon after the Armistice, and I should now be earning between £1,500 and £2,000 a year.

Bitterest fight

AS it was I won a V.C. early in the War, and because of this took a commission in 1917. So when the end of the War came, I was not in a position to be demobilised early, and I stayed on.

Although I gained a good deal of technical experience by doing this, it did not benefit me at all. The Army did not welcome me as a permanency because I had not been through Sandhurst. Moreover, I was seven years older than I should have been for the rank I held. So in 1922 I retired.

But I soon realised that I had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. Civilian employers gave me no credit for having stayed on in the Army. Quite the reverse—they asked what I was doing out of a job four years after the War was over.

I entered upon a weary period of applying for advertised vacant posts. Scores of these I put in for and often my hopes were raised by being put on the "short list." But these hopes were false, for the posts, I found, had usually been already filled.

As the months went by, I began to grow desperate. I had a wife, none too strong in health, and the strain of worry and short rations was beginning to tell on her. I was ready to take any sort of a job, provided it was an honourable one, but because I had not sunk to worn-out boots and tattered clothes, employers and others refused to take my plight seriously.

Some of them were almost jocular. "I wish *I* had your V.C.," they would say. "I'm sure *I* wouldn't be long out of a job!"

One cannot, of course, put V.C. on one's visiting card, and I don't advertise the fact that I am a V.C. just because I think that should get me a job. But I never imagined that to possess the honour would make it more difficult for me to get one.

Yet employers seem to think that possessing a V.C. smooths a man's path and makes things easy for him.

I can assure them that it does not. What it does, however, is to catch the attention of men engaged in dubious activities.

The first suspicion I had of this was when I was approached by a man who offered to finance me to sing to theatre queues. His proposal was that I should wear my medal, and even advertise it by a printed placard, while he arranged for the collection and sharing of the proceeds.

Of course, I turned down this offer, and so, I believe, did a number of other V.C.s.

Another man wanted to sell foreign ready-made doors as British. The selling price was so low that I was immediately suspicious and I refused.

A little later I found out how his firm went to work. A deposit is paid for a large consignment of doors, which are of Oregon pine, and manufactured in America. These are readily disposed of for a price under that charged for cheap Swedish doors—and afterwards the firm goes into liquidation or disappears.

I also had a narrow escape from being drawn into selling faked jewellery. I was asked by a publican to sell on commission a very handsome stone which would, I believe, have baffled an expert. It appeared genuine, but, as I discovered later, it was not.

Then followed several tempting offers to allow my name to appear on the prospectuses of certain companies about to be floated. In one instance I was asked to put down a sum of money, but in the others it was only my name and decoration that were required as a bait for investors.

One man who approached me admitted quite frankly that his company was a "long firm," and promised to give me the tip when to clear out!

Amateur bootlegger

STILL more astonishing was a proposal put to me at the time of the V.C.s' Dinner. At the hotel where I was staying a man offered me £10 for my autographed menu card. We got into conversation, and presently he proposed that I should go and stay at a certain village on the East Coast and assist in a liquor-running "racket."

He told me there was a cargo of liquor already dumped in a certain secluded creek. It had been run over from the Continent, and he wanted to smuggle it up to London. But the Customs officials had wind of it, and he would have to go warily.

My task would be to win the confidence of the local inhabitants and engage one or two trusty boatmen to assist.

Well, I was ready to clutch at a last straw by this time, and I must admit that the adventure rather appealed to my sporting instincts—particularly as I was told that the contraband was a cargo of spirits for private consumption only. So I accepted the offer, was given an advance, and went down to the village, pretending that I was an angler.

But a shock was in store for me. After I had been there for about ten days another "bootlegger" came down to arrange with me about transport.

Several drinks loosened his tongue. He became indiscreet, and let drop the fact that part of the cargo was *drugs*! Of course, I immediately washed my hands of the whole affair.

Nobody likes to talk about his private misfortunes, but to illustrate the sort of thing which has been happening to dozens of V.C.s since the War, I will mention one or two personal facts.

In hunger's grip

WITHIN the last year there have been two periods of over six weeks when neither my wife nor I tasted meat of any description. Last Christmas and New Year we were not far from starvation.

Neither of us has any private means. Odd jobs and small commissions have brought me in a total of less than £100 a year during the last four years. The balance between this sum and starvation has been made up of small grants from organisations which assist ex-Service men.

I know many V.C.s, and if I were at liberty to do so I could tell many a story of distress. Only the other day, Corporal Jacka, V.C., died in abject poverty in Australia.

Many a V.C. in England is partly dependent on charity, yet we are a body of men who, under proper organisation, might be of great service to our country. We only need an opportunity.

One of our number recently put forward a scheme whereby V.C.s should be got together to form a nucleus for boosting Empire trade. Of course, not all of us are available or qualified for commercial work, but there are at least fifty of us, unemployed or poorly employed, whose services could be secured at once.

Some industrialists who have been approached think that this would be derogatory to the decoration. But why should it be? Why should we be handicapped because we are V.C.s?

Certainly to allow us to live on the borderline of starvation, as many of us are doing to-day, is to bring shame on the "most enviable Order."

Sensational "John Bull" Exposure

ALL BRITAIN Duped by

The "New Messiah" with some of his followers in their retreat in Devonshire. On the right is Mr. Meredith Starr, his principal disciple

AN unusual flood of publicity has greeted the recent arrival in this country of an Indian mystic of seemingly miraculous prowess, known as Shri Meher Baba, and heralded as the New Messiah.

Nearly every important newspaper in the country has devoted columns of space to glowing descriptions of his appearance, doctrines and future aims.

The British public is being told in one report or another that he is a spiritual superman; a healer with majestic personality and divine power; that the day will come when he will deliver a wondrous message to the world.

Publicity, which is really just the sort of thing that Meher Baba and his most devoted followers desire, was, we can say, chiefly inspired through the tireless efforts of a gentleman named Meredith Starr.

Starr is to be found at a seventeenth century farmhouse known as "East Challacombe," in North Devon, and is the "Messiah's" principal agent for Europe and America.

A charlatan

The truth is that the British public has been duped. Letters are arriving at "East Challacombe" from people in all parts anxious to join the cult.

Whatever the exalted rank bestowed upon Meher Baba, however great the stupendous claims attributed to him, we can here reveal him in a much less complimentary light.

Having completed a thorough investigation into his operations of recent years we assert that only one name can be aptly applied to him—that of charlatan.

Among other impressive titles, Shri Meher Baba has been known as:—

"The New Messiah."
"The Blessed Lord."
"The Indian Avatar."
"His Divine Majesty."
"The Master." "The Holy Garu."
"The Indian Christ." "The Saint."

When he arrived in England from India he made a brief stay in London to the delight of his followers, who included several beautiful young white girls and numerous coloured men of all ages.

Then, after extraordinary homage had been paid to him, in a manner rarely practised in the West, he departed in state to his principal disciple's farm in Devon.

Shri Meher Baba, according to Mr. Starr and other devotees, is famous throughout India for his spiritual teachings and is worshipped there by millions of followers as the Greatest Master of all time.

It is claimed that, following his great work in the East, he has suddenly been "called" to the West to exercise his power for good, prior to the happening of a great catastrophe and spiritual upheaval that is shortly to engulf this part of the world.

Colonies, one is led to believe, are firmly established under his saintly leadership in Persia and India, where lepers have been cured and many other sufferers relieved by miracles performed through his "high state of consciousness."

If all now goes according to plan, Shri Meher Baba will demonstrate his miraculous powers in due season. He will heal the sick, make the blind see, and among other superhuman achievements, walk upon the surface of running water!

The colony, conducted at East Challacombe by his devoted agent, Meredith Starr, seems strangely remote and inaccessible as the Western headquarters for so vast a movement.

It is peopled, apart from Meher Baba and Mr. and Mrs. Starr, by men and women, young and old, white and coloured, who agree to give themselves up completely to "The Master's" teachings in order to strive towards what is termed "the Greater Realisation."

At the moment this mixed community numbers about a score. All are living in this "modernised" farmhouse, which has barely half a dozen bedrooms, practising a "religion" that is both unorthodox and weird in the company of grunting black pigs, bleating sheep, lowing cattle and miscellaneous farmyard livestock!

So acute has the problem of accommodation become that some of the cowsheds have been converted into bedrooms!

Must be humble

It is impossible to gather any accurate idea of the real character of Meher Baba's doctrines from such printed matter as is available at the colony.

"Here one may rest," one is told, "and become acquainted with those forces which, when liberated, will enable the student to realise greater possibilities in accordance with the Inner Laws of Nature and Life. . . .

"Many people have reached a higher level of consciousness here—tone and rhythm have been imparted to body and mind, the spiritual horizon has expanded, repressions have vanished, and the energies set free have resulted in a new, affirmative and enthusiastic orientation to life. . . . It is only possible to teach what has been lived. . . ."

Self-willed people, however, are not acceptable at the colony.

Admission is strictly limited to those who are "humble and sincere." They must break down their pride and follow faithfully the teachings selected for them, which differ according to their individual requirements.

Fees, it should be noted, can be as low as two and a half guineas a week, though devotees are urged to give all they can to Meher Baba's "great cause."

A JOHN BULL representative, who has just visited the colony, learned that some of the visitors possess troublesome complexes and go there to be "cured" by spiritual influence.

Sunbathing, violent physical exercises in the open air, the study of psychological books on burning problems, and the process of leading a simple life under Meher Baba's saintly banner are all prescribed.

Bagpipes greeting

So it would seem that the colony is a sort of combined monastic retreat and physical culture academy.

It was to this isolated farmhouse, with its cowshed bedrooms, that the "New Messiah" retired, then, to hold court among his strange disciples.

This retreat is three miles from the little village of Combe Martin and only accessible on foot to those who brave a tedious uphill journey through narrow, muddy lanes and across endless fields.

His Highness Shri Meher Baba, in his flowing robes and primitive sandals, must have found the going hard indeed.

An eye-witness of his arrival with his strange retinue declares that the spectacle "almost beggared description."

But, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Starr, the "Master" eventually reached his chosen retreat, where he was greeted by the strains of bagpipes.

Long silence

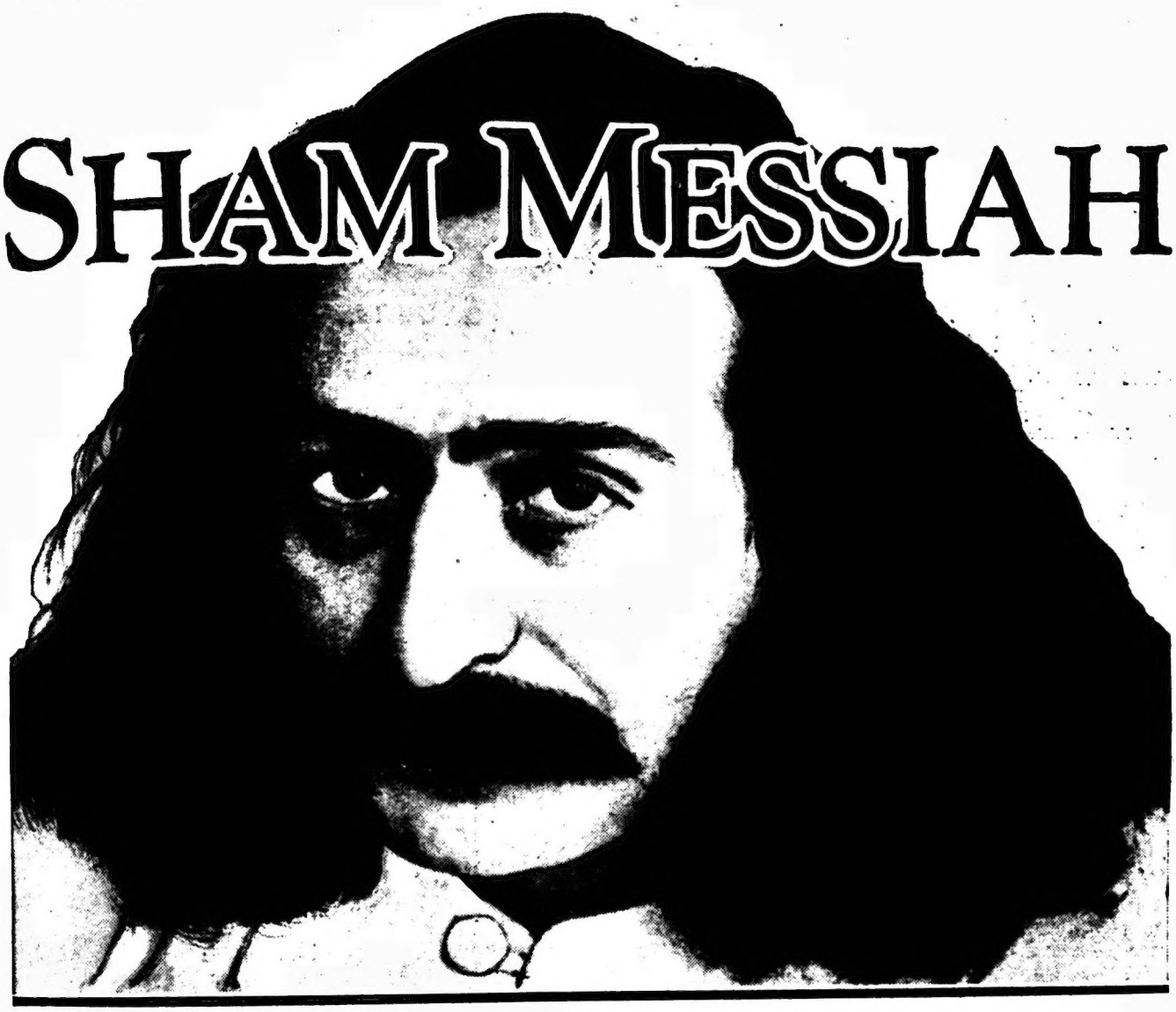
Gesticulating Indians and other devotees clustered round him, kissing his hands and basking in the favour of his magnanimous smiles.

Since he arrived at the farm Shri Meher Baba has adopted a pose of rigid silence Starr and his other disciples say that he is pledged not to speak a word for seven years, when he will come fully into his own—whatever that may be.

As in London, he expresses himself by dumb pantomime on an alphabet board, which he fingers like a typewriter, while

Surely they realise the hollowness of his claims?—Baba in the centre of his devoted band

SHAM MESSIAH



Shri Meher Baba, the "New Messiah"—silent mystic who shortly leaves England to open "Colonies" in America

a follower stands by to interpret his meaning.

But he has not objected to being freely photographed, sometimes with admiring women lying at his feet, or assuming an impressive stance in a white and scarlet robe.

While several fascinated followers have even considered it a privilege to kiss his bare feet, most people will agree that the whole thing reeks of sham.

They will be more than ever convinced in this respect when we say that, though Meher Baba is wily enough to avoid ex-

pressing himself to the Press, he takes particular care to read every reference to his activities that appears in print.

So far he has been deeply gratified that so much notice has been taken of him and that his various claims have been set forth in complimentary terms.

But we doubt whether he will find equal pleasure in adding this present article to his growing collection of Press cuttings.

His real name is Shri Sadgaru Meya Baba, and he was born in Poona, India, in 1894. Until a few years ago he earned a livelihood peddling a native liquor in the byways of Nasik.

How, then, has he risen to his present self-exalted heights?

As a matter of fact, he blossomed forth as a Messiah only in recent years, and far from being acclaimed throughout India or worshipped by millions of followers, as some of his publicity suggests, he is practically unknown.

His following in and around Nasik numbers a few thousand at the most.

No miracles

One man who was led to believe in him and who now realises that he has been grossly deceived is a Mr. K. J. Dastur, M.A., LL.B., a young Parsee lawyer of varied accomplishments.

Until recently he was a leading disciple of "The Messiah" and acted as his chief propagandist in India.

Having thrown up his career in order to follow the great man, he was rewarded by a gradual revelation of the hollowness of Meher Baba's claims. In vain he waited for his Master to perform miracles, but he was put off with various excuses until he broke away in disgust.

Since then he has publicly expressed his regret for the years wasted in following an impudent impostor.

Here is one of his many denunciations to which, for obvious reasons, Meher Baba has not deigned to reply:

"All the promises which Baba gave me he has not kept. This, coupled with the non-fulfilment of his various prophecies, his queer conduct on occasions, and the violation of his own principles, have made me reverse my opinion of him."

Mr. Dastur admits that while he was under the fascination of Meher Baba's personality he was blind to many things; but he now sees him as a charlatan.

Glib excuses

But he gave him every chance to prove himself. Months before he broke away he warned his Master that he would go unless long-promised proof of his power was forthcoming.

When our representative raised this point with Mr. Meredith Starr, the latter suggested that the New Messiah had failed to keep his promises to Mr. Dastur because of something in the young lawyer's innermost soul which prevented miracles from happening!

But if Meher Baba has lost one follower, he has gained others, many of whom are wealthy people—a point worth noting, since it is said that he has "nothing but what his followers give."

The fact is that Meher Baba, who always works through a leading disciple, has raised and expended huge sums of money on various schemes that have come to nothing.

One was a big kinema he ordered to be built in the sacred city of Nasik, but which was never completed because creditors could not get paid. A strange sideline, surely, for a Messiah.

Then there was a school he opened in Ahmadnagar for boys of various castes, creeds and races.

Pupils were to be spiritually trained to become future "ambassadors," or minor Messiahs, in all parts of the world. One feature of the queer training they received consisted of urging them to love and worship Meher Baba in person and to think of him constantly throughout the day.

The effect of such doctrines upon impressionable boys may be imagined, and the school closed down after a scandal had been disclosed regarding one particular boy who had become mentally unbalanced.

Questioned on this point, Mr. Starr made some frank and startling remarks. The youth, he declared, was moved by Sadistic impulses and, rushing up to the New Messiah in perverted adoration, was finally so carried away by hysteria that he bit the Master violently!

Yard steps in

Then there is an incident which happened much nearer home, which Mr. Starr did not seem too happy to discuss.

On one occasion, when Meher Baba wanted European boys for this school he sent an emissary to England to find likely material.

Several English lads were actually sought out and the parents favoured with glowing stories of the learned Messiah's desire to train world ambassadors.

The parents of three boys ultimately gave permission for their children to go to the distant college for high education, the arrangements being concluded by Mr. Meredith Starr himself on behalf of the emissary, whom he had met casually in London.

Fortunately, Scotland Yard detectives got word of what was afoot and called upon Mr. Starr and plied him with questions at the instance of the India Office, which effectively scotched the deal and stopped the boys from sailing.

Blind man's plight

It was as a result of the wonderful things this particular disciple told Mr. Starr that the latter decided to go to India and interview the great Master, which led to his appointment as "Representative of Meher Baba to the White Races."

Apart from the financial aspect of this cult—and money has been freely collected from misguided followers for years—the menace to the minds of simple people cannot be exaggerated.

A man who has been blind for forty-seven years recently heard of the New Messiah's arrival and travelled all the way from Bradford to the isolated headquarters in Devon.

He beseeched Meher Baba to restore his sight at any cost to himself, but there was not even house room for him at the colony and he had to tramp back to the village.

For days he made a desperate pilgrimage through muddy lanes and fields until finally received by the New Messiah, who intimated, *viâ* his alphabet board and his interpreter, that the man's sight would be restored in November next!

Back to obscurity!

So the poor fellow is cherishing this hope, buoyed up by the assurance that the day will come when he will regain his sight and be privileged to look upon the New Messiah's features, vaguely at first, but gradually more distinctly until full vision is restored!

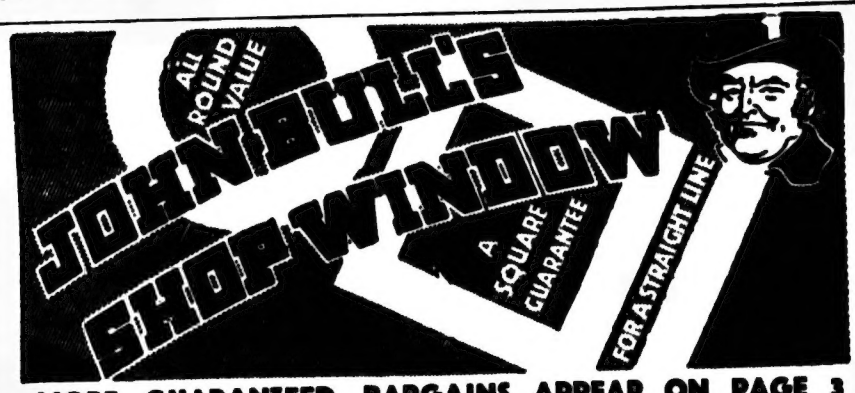
Meher Baba even professes the power of being able to raise the dead, but he has yet to produce evidence of a single cure.

Meanwhile, his own father is a semi-invalid, compelled to lie on his couch for hours every day in his residence in Poona, a victim of a painful malady.

Miracles, like charity, should surely begin at home?

But—Shri Meher Baba is no miracle worker, has no right to the various majestic titles he assumes, and has only one real duty to mankind.

That is to retire into the obscurity from which he originally sprang, with all possible speed.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

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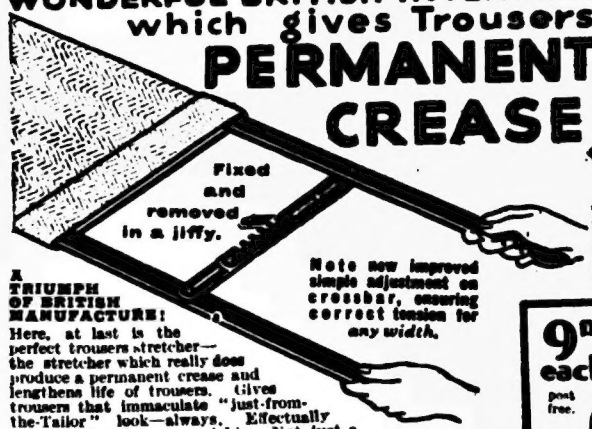

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Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

You're LUCKY to OWE So MUCH

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—Many poor people like myself envy you for being so rich that you can afford to owe nearly £71,000 in super-tax and surtax.

When we have heard rich people complain of the amount of income-tax they had to pay, we have always thought how nice it must be to have to pay so much money as that.

You, of course, are a very exceptional person. I, who know you, and admire the brilliance of your brain and the daring of your wit, have understood how a man who has been in so many big deals as you have cannot be worried with little trifles like a charge of £71,000 on your income.

I recall meeting you with James White, only a few minutes after the two of you had signed a cheque, which, if I remember rightly, was for £2,814,000 for a control of Dunlop's. I remember your association with the purchase of Covent Garden, and, I think, the Foundling Hospital site.

James White used to retail, with glee, stories of your supreme indifference to money. You were there when, at lunch, one day, during the War, James White asked me how much I thought I could buy Alsace-Lorraine for, so that he could acquire it and give it to either the French or Germans—he didn't know which, and he didn't care—so that then the War could stop, and he could get on with his share deals.

High Finance became a part of your life. When you were not asking what was going to happen about British music, James used to wonder what was going to happen about British shares.

You have had many adventures in your life, and all of them were the natural career of a man who, while he could read through a difficult musical score, even if it were not there, treated figures with a contempt only equalled by the respect with which he modernised musical tradition.

Some of your plans—Imperial opera, for instance — have come unstuck. But you wave troubles away with your baton.

White used to tell, when you were summoned before the Income Tax Commissioners, you told them, with your accustomed humour, that you were a pauper living on your father's charity, that your father's name was Lord Pills and that he lived in a place called St. Helens, which stank dreadfully because of chemical fumes, and that they would not like it at all. Then, declared White, envyingly, you walked out of the room and went back to your conductor's desk.

Although I do not believe this story, I do know that a man like yourself cannot be worried with mere earthly things like money, and income-tax, and all that sort of thing.

But there are in the country, Sir Thomas, thousands of little people to whom income-tax is a nightmare. No one knows their names.

No one seems to care. They are the poor beasts of the world, overburdened and staggering.

You said that the sum was in dispute, and that, until it had been put right, you could not pay anything. You say that a dispute has been going on for years about certain sums and that you have not been treated differently from anyone else.

* * *

I accept this explanation, but what about we poor people who are worried about our income-tax half our lives? It is a nightmare to thousands and something that cannot be brushed aside.

Your £71,000 can, apparently, be argued about for years. We, if we owe a few pounds, are driven almost to desperation.

If we owe less than £20, the Government officials can put the bailiffs in without going to a court of any description. Then, if we cannot find a sum which to you would be trifling our homes are sold up.

People who are said to owe £71,000, apparently, can hold the matter over for so long that they can go to America and come back, smile, and go on being considered a genius.

The truth is that when people are said to owe a lot, their cases are dragged out month after month, year after year, especially as since it frequently happens the Inland Revenue people often take three months to reply to one letter.

They are so overworked dealing with the small cases that the big ones are allowed to go on—and on.

* * *

We cannot go on arguing about our "small" taxes for year after year. Our incomes are known and, therefore, we have no remedy.

The rich man, having an income derived from several sources—yes, and often from several countries—avoids paying his tax for nearly as long as it would take us to earn it.

The whole system is wrong. So many small men owe money for income-tax that, in thousands and thousands of homes all over the country, you could escape from paying rent for weeks, if only you knew, because so many bailiffs are watching furniture which may soon be sold for income-tax that the poor landlords could not find any more bailiffs.

They are all out, now, on income-tax jobs!

Your case, Sir Thomas, has given me an idea. We must all get charged so much income-tax that we can argue about it until the Government goes blue in the face.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Old Bailey, London

MY LORD,—Once again you have complained that hold-ups are becoming a common feature of everyday life, and once again I must reply that these crimes will continue until the offenders are adequately punished.

You have just sentenced one young bandit to nine months in the second division and eighteen strokes of the birch, and his companion to six months in the second division and fifteen strokes.

Even though the birch is ordered, such young ruffians should be sent to hard labour or penal servitude. The second division is too good for them.

JOHN BULL.

ERIC WORSWICK, Manchester: Though only eighteen, you are to compete against the world's best speedboat racers at Lake Garda, Italy. Wish you luck, and hope you will prove second Kaye Don.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ESTHER RICKARDS, Surgeon, 150, *Harley Street, London*

DEAR MADAM,—A London County Council pamphlet, designed to attract girls to nursing, has been withdrawn because you protested that it was misleading.

You add that the right sort of girls will not be attracted if they have to sleep five in a room, have no comforts and no freedom from the eagle eye of a matron which is the position in some nurses' hostels. Your protest has my warm support. As I have often said, it is nothing less than a national scandal that such conditions should be allowed to exist.

JOHN BULL.

Miss HILDA HEATH,
Lowton, Lancashire

DEAR HEROINE,—Leaving the Leigh spinning mill where you work, you saw men looking on while a three-years-old boy struggled for life in a canal.

But you are made of sterner stuff. Tearing off your raincoat, you plunged in and saved the child.

The men did not even thank you. No wonder. They must have been too ashamed for words.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. P. T. MIGNOT,
Guernsey

DEAR SIR,—The Prince of Wales rarely appeals for anything without getting a generous response. And you are one of those who have given freely. To his broadcast appeal for the creation of local boys' clubs you have replied with a donation of £5,000.

Prior to this, you presented a hospital to your native island, Alderney; and last winter gave £2,500 for relief work for Guernsey's unemployed.

A reverend gentleman indeed. What you preach you practise.

JOHN BULL.

Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.—Telegraph poles in Britain are made of foreign timber, and though thousands of them are erected each year, your Department steadily refuses to use new Zealand and Tasmanian timbers.

Quite apart from the immense saving in upkeep which these would produce, why is the Government's injunction to "Buy Empire Goods" being so flagrantly disregarded by the Post Office?

JOHN BULL.

Miss GLADYS SEVERS,
Hull

DEAR GLADYS,—You are a real JOHN BULL girl. While taking £160 to the bank you were attacked by two motor bandits, but though they struck you in the face you resisted so bravely that they drove off at high speed.

Your employees should be proud of you, and I hope your pluck will be suitably recognised.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. HOLLOWAY-CALTHORP,
Docking (Norfolk) Bench

DEAR SIR,—When a party of Brancaster lads appeared before you for playing football on the highway, the police did not press the charge as the youths had no proper playing place and it was their first offence. Yet you fined each of them 4s.

You hoped some representation would be made to the Playing Fields Association, but there your sympathy for the lads stopped. I should have discharged them.

JOHN BULL.

Judge ROWLAND ROWLANDS,
Bridgend, Glamorgan

YOUR HONOUR,—During the hearing of a case in your court you strongly criticised the firms who sue poor country people in the High Court, who cannot attend because of the expense.

If other judges follow your example, we shall soon see an end to this callous legal exploitation of the poor, to which I have often drawn attention. Thank you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER PERCY,
Alton, Hampshire

DEAR WALTER,—You have been fifty-three years in the service of one family as coachman and chauffeur, and for the first blemish on your otherwise clean driving record—that of driving without due care and attention—the Whitehill Bench fined you £2.

I think yours was a case where a caution and binding-over should have sufficed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.: Referring to beer tax, you refuse to oppose extra taxation "on a luxury." But is beer a luxury after a day's heavy manual labour?—JOHN BULL.

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The GREAT Leader YOUTH Wants

The Prince lights the Lamp of Remembrance . . will he now take up the torch of Youth?

by
A. G. GARDINER

THE stirring appeal which the Prince of Wales made to the youth of the country at Newcastle ought to be implemented in national action.

His speech was a supplement to his recent call to the nation at the Albert Hall, London, in favour of voluntary service to the community. The response to that call has, in his own words, been splendid, and nowhere more splendid than on Tyneside, where multitudes of new experiments in social service are afoot and doing admirable work.

But, as the Prince remarked, it is the older generation who have been most conspicuous in the response to his appeal, and it is the young generation that he wants to mobilise and organise in the work of regenerating England.

This country, in common with the rest of the world, is passing through a period of transition unprecedented in history.

Socially, politically, economically, society is being revolutionised.

The old faiths are losing their authority. The old disciplines that held the community together are being repudiated and the old loyalties are disowned.

We live in the midst of convulsions and do not know from day to day what the morrow will bring forth. New philosophies of government are being experimented with on a scale never before attempted.

Death struggle

The despotism of a Communist minority has upset the whole theory of democracy and Parliamentarism in Russia, and the despotism of the Fascists is shattering that theory from another angle in Italy. Constitutionalism is giving place to dictatorship in Central Europe and Germany is trembling on the brink of a plunge into Fascism on one side or Sovietism on the other.

The economic structure of world society has collapsed and Capitalism and Communism are engaged in a death grapple for the possession of the brave new world that is to be born out of the ruins of the old.

In this vast parturition, our country is as deeply involved as any. Perhaps more deeply than any, for we were the chief pillar of the old political and economic system. Our prosperity is rooted in that system, and its overthrow would make our population—the densest and least self-supporting in the world—more vulnerable than any other.

All this presents a challenge to us of a momentous kind. By the way in which we take up that challenge the whole future and destiny of this country will be decided. And it is above all a challenge to youth.

The Master Builder in Ibsen's famous play was terrified by the younger generation that was "knocking at the door." But it is their business to knock at the door. If necessary, it is their business to break the door down. For the rope, as Lord Fisher used to say, is round their neck.

The world that is taking shape out of the wreckage of the War is the world they will have to live in, and it is their responsibility to see that it is a better world than the one that went clattering into the abyss in 1914-18. It is that responsibility which the Prince of Wales stressed at Newcastle. He wants to see a great Youth Movement abroad throughout the land—a movement faced with the spirit of public service that will give shape and momentum to the world of to-morrow.

The present mood of youth is one of anger and resentment, qualified by a reckless frivolity. Contemporary literature reeks with the gospel of disillusion and disgust, and all the traditions, institutions and standards of the past are scornfully repudiated as outworn and discredited.

There is plenty of excuse for this attitude of mind.

The post-war generation has been born into a world broken, shattered and impoverished, in which all the lights of the past are extinguished, and thousands and tens of thousands of young men clamour in vain for a career.

Half the unrest in Germany, in India, in Ireland and in the United States is due to the vast number of educated young men, largely university graduates, who find themselves on the threshold of life with no occupation open to them.

Naturally they are resentful and bitter. Naturally they kick against the pricks, hate the old gang that brought the world to grief, and turn to disruptive and anarchic activities.

All this is natural; but it is not helpful. We have had too much destruction. What the world needs is constructive effort and a new and confident outlook into the future.

And I believe the youth of this country is ripe for the change.

The new spirit

There are evidences that a new spirit is abroad. It is apparent in the universities and in the remarkable enthusiasm with which such experiments as the Youth Hostels movement have been taken up.

Nor in this connection can we look too hopefully to the splendid work which is being done by those admirable organisations, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movements, which are creating in the young a fine sense of citizenship and service that will bear abundant fruit in the future.

No one who has experience of the work of such institutions can doubt that the material of young England is right if only the inspiration and the opportunity are provided.

What is needed is to extend this development of social service much wider and much farther, to link it up with the schools and carry its influence into the years beyond adolescence, so that in time we may have a population charged with the idea of public usefulness and mutual helpfulness.

That, I think, is the ideal which is in the mind of the Prince in his appeal to the youth of England to take a hand in building up a new social order in which the tradition of voluntary service to the community is universal.

There is a tendency to-day to look too exclusively to the State as our debtor and our benefactor, whose duty it is to play the guardian to us from the cradle to the grave. It would be well to qualify that tendency with recognition of the fact that we owe something to the State and that it is our business to give as well as to receive.

Prince of leaders

There is not one of us who is not capable of doing some service to the community and there is not one of us who would not be spiritually better from the sense that that service was being rendered.

If I may venture a suggestion, it is that the Prince of Wales, having started the crusade, should go a step farther.

It was a wise man who said that "an emotion should not be exhausted in being felt." To be of service it must be implemented in action.

The emotional response to the Prince's appeal to the youth of England to dedicate themselves to the service of the community is widespread, but it needs to be organised into definite activity.

Is it too much to ask that the Prince should set that organisation in motion?

I can conceive no greater service that he could perform for the nation than that of placing himself at the head of a Youth Movement dedicated to the cause of good citizenship.

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Wake Up, Parents!

I HAVE received some indignant letters from patriotic Scots who object to my writing about England as if Scotland did not exist. They say I am false to my name, which is almost the Scottish national anthem—"The Campbells are Coming."

Why, then, do they read JOHN BULL, which is surely an English paper with an English name? And let me say in all seriousness that I esteem the excessive nationalism of to-day to be, on the whole, a bad and dangerous thing.

It is keeping the world in unrest; it is one of the chief factors of bad trade as well as bad blood between races and governments; it is creating fissures in the British Commonwealth of Nations, which is, on the whole, the greatest political instrument for good that the world has yet known.

If the British Empire could hold together on its present lines, it would furnish such an example of unity combined with freedom as would show all other peoples the way out of all their distresses caused by selfish fear and mutual distrust.

Another thing. Do my Scottish friends realise that the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations depends mainly upon the kind of boys and girls we are rearing in our homes and schools in England and Scotland, the heart of the Empire?

I underline Scotland this time, for I think in this respect Scotland is not as safe and solid as it used to be.

It has a big alien population in some of its greater industrial centres, which is not so sober-minded and law-abiding as the rest of the country, and has no patriotism whatever and but little moral sense.

Which is going to tip the balance in the Scotland of to-morrow—this alien element with no conscience, or the strong, hardy honest stock celebrated by Robert Burns in the "Cottar's Saturday Night"?

In a different form the question is one for England also. The other day an American, whom I did not know, said to me within the precincts of one of our ancient cathedrals: "Sir, England seems to be in as bad a way with respect to crime and criminals as the United States."

"No, sir," I replied; "we are not yet governed by gangsters and kidnappers."

He grinned, and then said slowly: "Well, you are getting that way fast; for I see in your newspapers that the statistics of juvenile crime show a considerable increase in the number of offences against both person and property committed by young people in their teens, and being sent to prison seems no longer to be accounted a disgrace."

To some extent this is unfortunately true, and I could not deny it.

Taking England through, our youngsters are as sound in mind and body as any in the world, but we cannot afford to let them be corrupted by what is morally rotten.

Mankind, said Edmund Burke, will learn at the school of example, and it will learn at no other. Citizens of Great Britain, especially the parents and teachers, your responsibility is great; for by the spirit you show and the deeds you do you are moulding the rising generation.

And take note that you are doing this by what you are, far more than by what you say. It is what you are that your children tend to imitate, and you cannot hide it from them. Good advice is wasted if it be not in accordance with the life you live.

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SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS *Wants To Know—*

Who Is Shielding the HULL *Grafters?*

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WHEN it was recently disclosed in these columns that a grave municipal scandal lay behind the tragic death of Mr. Digby Willoughby, an ex-Lord Mayor of Hull, a plea was made for a full and searching enquiry.

That plea has now been answered in some measure and certain municipal land transactions have been investigated by the Ministry of Health.

Although many unsavoury facts have been revealed, I am afraid the scope of the enquiry has not been nearly wide enough.

There remain still lurking in the background of Hull's civic life many shady dealings that must be brought under the searchlight of publicity if graft is to be finally defeated.

Why this secrecy?

By the admission of a Special Committee of the Corporation set up to enquire into the allegations of graft in the municipal administration, there are forty-seven land deals where it is known that members of the Hull Corporation negotiated on behalf of the vendors.

Why, then, was the scope of the public enquiry limited to four cases? Why are the other forty-three cases veiled in secrecy?

I think the public should know the names of the members of the Corporation who, while elected to look after the interests of the citizens, used their public positions to negotiate on behalf of those who had something to sell to the Corporation.

And what were the secret commissions they received for their good offices in squeezing the public purse?

Since the admission that forty-seven cases were known, other information has come to light showing that the ramifications of this graft have not been confined to the buying and selling of land.

When JOHN BULL first revealed the presence of graft in the civic life of Hull it intimated that in addition to the transactions in land the manner in which certain contracts were awarded was highly suspicious.

Chicago's rival

Additional information, obtained since that article appeared, shows that the whole question needs to be probed to its depths.

Such an investigation will reveal a state of affairs reminiscent of graft-ridden America, replete with anonymous telephone calls, secret sources of information, secret conferences and mysterious strangers.

One instance will illustrate something of what has been happening behind the scenes.

A certain firm tendered in the ordinary way of business for a municipal contract.

Some time later one of the partners received a telephone call. The voice on the wire asked whether he could go to a certain rendezvous on a matter of importance regarding the tender.

Asked who was speaking, the voice replied that no names could be given. The partner was to go to the place indicated.

The mystery man

His curiosity piqued, the tenderer did as he was directed, and met a man he had never seen before.

This stranger said that he preferred to remain unknown. He mentioned the amount of the contract, the price the firm had quoted in its tender, and said that he was in a position to inform the tenderer that his firm could have the contract if it would use certain materials. In addition, there would be a rebate on the cost price of these materials.

To all questions regarding the identity of the persons for whom he was acting the stranger returned evasive answers.

If the firm wanted the contract it could have it on the conditions he had stated; he was in a position to know that and the names did not matter.

The firm in question refused to have anything to do with the proposition and the man vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

Bribery allegations

Another glaring instance concerns a clothing contract. It has now been revealed that the police were investigating allegations to the effect that Mr. Willoughby was receiving regular cash payments from a certain firm and had actually obtained conclusive proof a day before Willoughby fled to Scotland to escape justice in death.

The recently concluded public enquiry has focused public attention in Hull on what had been for so long only a matter of whispers and conjecture.

Emboldened by the success of that enquiry, so ably conducted by Mr. John Henry Thorpe, O.B.E., the inspector appointed by the Ministry of Health, some of the citizens are now determined to see the matter through.

At a public meeting recently, the Ratepayers' Union demanded that the names of the members of the Corporation concerned in the forty-seven cases of graft mentioned should be made public and that the whole of these cases should be thoroughly investigated.

In 1930-31 the Hull rates at 18s. in the £ were the highest in the country, and even now when they have been reduced by 1s. in the £ they are the third highest, although the city has not been called upon to bear any greater burden of industrial depression than other towns similarly situated.

Chief Constable T. E. Howden of Hull must lead the attack on graft in his city . . .

. . . with the co-operation of Alderman R. W. Wheeldon, the Lord Mayor of Hull

This present rate of 17s. in the £ is liable to be increased by a supplementary rate, and public opinion is so aroused that the Ratepayers' Union has announced its intention of appointing a committee in every ward of the city—and there are twenty wards — to examine public expenditure.

Considerable criticism, I feel, should be levelled at the methods adopted in disclosing some of the irregularities.

In one instance before me, I note that one party to a proven case of graft was actually promised immunity by the authorities provided he made a full statement with regard to the whole transactions in which he had been involved.

Surely there could be nothing more unsatisfactory than that those who have indulged in graft for years at the expense of ratepayers should be permitted to escape all consequences in this extraordinary way?

Graft's reign

When enquiries into the graft allegations were under way one member of the Corporation declared that "birds were now coming home to roost after seventeen years," thus indicating what a firm foothold municipal graft had obtained in the city.

Yet, despite these disclosures, old ways and manners die hard.

In matters municipal Hull has developed a system of working in the devious ways of secret diplomacy. That it has not yet shed these ways is shown by the fact that only ten days ago a storm occurred in the council chamber over a member of one of the committees complaining that an attempt had been made to keep certain vital matters secret.

There is no suggestion that the committee concerned were actuated by any but the highest motives in the matter. They were merely following a practice that has developed in the municipal body.

Hull, a city with a great past and a great future, is not anxious to display this blot on its civic record, but its citizens now realise that the best and quickest way to remedy the evil is to probe so deeply into the matter that even the voice of rumour will be stilled.

Slay the monster!

Hull, too, by turning the searchlight of publicity on municipal graft will be performing a national service. Graft can live only in secrecy.

Hull, by acting swiftly in following up the courageous attitude adopted in seeking the public enquiry, can demonstrate that this monster Graft will not be tolerated any longer in the civic life of Britain.

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To-day begins a harvest week for readers who are interested in competitions. And who *isn't* interested in the prospect of a huge reward for half-an-hour's amusement?

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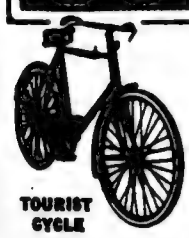

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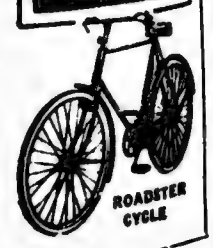


ROADSTER CYCLE

Major and Royal Wife TRICKED OUT OF FORTUNE

A HEARTRENDING spectacle might have been seen a few days ago at the gates of a London convent.

A tall, military-looking man and his wife, a woman of noble bearing, stood there with two young children, all holding hands.

The summons of the bell was answered by a nun who, while the little ones stood back, listened to the appeal of their parents.

The convent sister bent and kissed the children and took them away. The father and mother stood watching until they were out of sight and then embraced each other in tears.

So was played out in a quiet corner of London the last act of a drama of royal kinship, money, lands, vengeance, and poverty.

The man is Major C. E. Tebbitt, M.C., formerly of the Royal Engineers; his wife is the Baroness Arcadia von Eppinghoven, grand-daughter of King Leopold I. of Belgium, and a cousin of the present sovereign of that country.

Together they trudged back through the streets of London from the convent to their one-room lodging in Victoria. They did not have the price of an omnibus or train fare.

Children given up

Utterly destitute, they had just surrendered their two children to the care of the nuns so that they, at least, might no longer be hungry and have only the early prospect of the workhouse for shelter.

For weeks past, Major and Mrs. Tebbitt have tramped the streets in a forlorn search for work, however lowly. Everything they possessed was sold, even all their spare clothing, to obtain bread.

Everything they possessed? No, not exactly.

There is something they cannot sell. It is a castle and vast estate on the Rhine from which they once led society in Westphalia.

But it is no longer their home. They are the victims of a terrible injustice, in which the wife's devotion to the Allied cause in the War and the fact that the husband loyally did his job as a British Rhineland Occupation official helped to bring about their ruin.

For eight years the unhappy couple have been involved in extraordinary litigation in the German courts trying to win back their home and fortune.

It came to an end recently with their failure and ruin, and, penniless, the major brought his wife to London.

Disabled by wounds, Major Tebbitt, in the later stages of the War, held an important secretaryship in the engineering section of the Ministry of Munitions, where he regulated contracts entailing expenditure of not less than £1,000,000 weekly.

His next work for the country was at the Peace Conference of Versailles. There he revealed such ability that his appointment followed as ex-Chief of the Allied Reparations Commission in Westphalia, in which capacity he was also responsible for supervising enemy disarmament and the destruction of war material.

Before the British occupation of the Rhineland ended, Major Tebbitt met at a ball the Baroness Arcadia von Eppinghoven, who resided with her sister at Katsberg Castle.

The baroness had retained her nationality, notwithstanding extreme pressure to change it by the German authorities during the War; but her only brother, the surviving baron, had become German by accepting a commission in the army.

Love match

The sisters and this brother had jointly inherited the castle and its territory between Cologne and Dusseldorf, under the will of their father, King Leopold's son.

The meeting between the British major and the Baroness Arcadia was the prelude to a love match. Their marriage was a social event in the Rhineland, and the ceremony was attended by the leaders of the British military and civil missions and representatives of the noble houses of Belgium and Germany.

Major Tebbitt and his bride went to live at Katsberg Castle. There he discovered some amazing things had been happening, which had greatly perturbed his wife and her sister.

A member of the Eppinghoven family had cut down and sold many acres of woodland, had removed and sold treasures, including valuable pictures, and, in addition, had obtained nearly £10,000 from the account of the estate. Even precious relics like the love-letters of King Leopold had gone.

Mrs. Tebbitt, under her husband's guidance, applied to the courts for the protection of her property from further depredation.

When the case was heard, it was decided that the best method was to sell the estate by auction at a nominal reserve price of about £100,000—one-third of its taxable value—so that she could buy it in and buy out her sister and brother.

The court ordered that any prospective bidders must first deposit 10 per cent. of the reserve price in cash or industrial securities.

There were only two bidders—Mrs. Tebbitt and a German banker, who was acting in conjunction with the relative who had been raiding the estate. The banker put in shares scrip for his deposit.

Major Tebbitt financed his wife. At that time the German mark had crashed and when he went to the local banks to buy native currency he found that the amount required in paper would have to be taken to the court in a wagon.

The permission of the court was obtained for the greater portion of the deposit to be paid in British currency.

The banker wins

Major Tebbitt, therefore, lodged the sum required in Bank of England notes, together with some millions of marks. At the sale, supervised by a judge, Mrs. Tebbitt's lawyer was the higher bidder, and a court order was made declaring her to be the owner.

An astounding sequel followed immediately. The banker brought an action seeking possession of the estate at the price he had last offered in the bidding on the ground that the Bank of England notes, paid by Major Tebbitt on behalf of his wife, were not legal tender in Germany.

The banker succeeded.

In vain it was protested that as the British Army was on the Rhine and British currency was normal tender in the occupied area, no better security than Bank of England notes was possible.

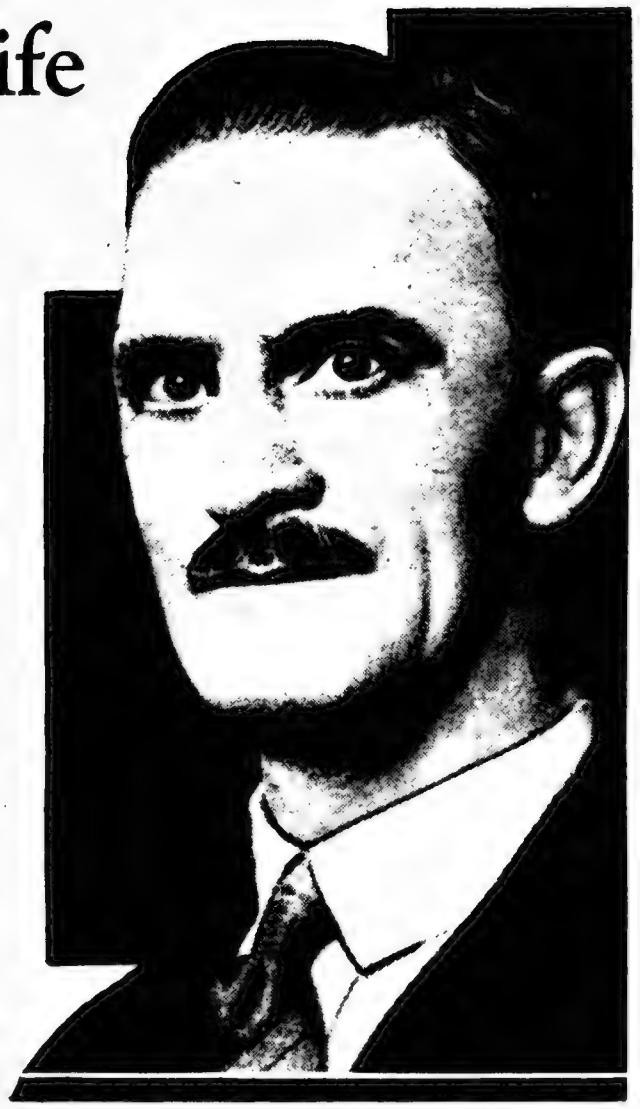
The higher court ruled that the English notes were not guaranteed.

What better guarantee than the British Treasury? it was asked.

That guarantee, said the German judges in effect as a final insult, was worthless. But for the tragedy that was to follow their verdict, their comments would have been comic, as the German mark was then almost worthless throughout the world.

Before the court came to its decision the mark had sunk so low that millions had become billions.

So the banker found himself the owner of a princely estate for less than £500, of which Mrs. Tebbitt received £120!



On the Rhine is his castle . . . yet he tramps the streets of London, workless, hungry, destitute—Major C. E. Tebbitt, M.C.

A fortune lost

In one year's War-debts taxation alone the German Government had taken £48,000 from the estate, and when Mrs. Tebbitt sought at least to recover this she was again rebuffed.

For eight years Major and Mrs. Tebbitt have gone from court to court and lost their fortune in the fight. They have even appealed to the Reich itself, only to be told that the Government cannot override the judges.

Always it was diabolically made known at the hearings of the case that Mrs. Tebbitt, grand-daughter and cousin of kings, resolutely remained loyal to the Allied cause in the War, and that her husband was the man who virtually ruled Westphalia during the British occupation and there collected debts and destroyed the German armaments.

Is this the reason?

And on each of these occasions the German lawyers found an opportunity to heap further insult upon the Bank of England.

Was it because of these things that the Tebbitts were so tricked and robbed that their children have had to be surrendered, and they are to-day workless, homeless and destitute in London?

We present our Foreign Office with this case for urgent action.

Miner's Safety-Lamp

WHEN a representative of JOHN BULL called at 5, Ynys Street, Ynyshir, five miles from Pontypridd, in the Rhondda Fach (Little Rhondda) Valley, he found William Taylor, the winner of the Crossword Competition No. 161, a bundle of concentrated nerves.

He had received a letter from JOHN BULL notifying him that he had secured, subject to the usual conditions, a pension for life of £3 a week, or the alternative of £1,250.

Mr. Taylor is fifty-five years of age, and a bachelor; "but," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I suppose I shall, after this, have many offers of marriage."

Mr. Taylor is a native of Gloucestershire, and after his earlier days in the elementary school, became a shop assistant.

He soon discarded this occupation for the, then, more lucrative employment of coal-mining, which he entered when he was but seventeen years of age.

Prolonged suffering from sciatica and other complications compelled him to relinquish work three years ago, since when he has been in receipt of unemployment benefit.

With time on his hands, he applied himself to crossword puzzles, and sent in several attempts to other papers. He says: "This is only my third attempt. All my friends told me of the straightforward manner in which JOHN BULL conducts its competitions."

He added that during the time he has taken part in these competitions he has depended mainly upon his own energy, thought and careful study, trying one alternative after another until satisfied that he was near the winning solution.

Mr. Taylor has chosen the lump sum of £1,250 as his prize. But the lump sum which may be yours for filling up one of the squares on page 36 makes his reward seem small. Half an hour's work on the amusing puzzle for the contest closing on May 12 may mean for you the biggest Crossword prize before the public to-day—the colossal sum of £3,000!

You have only a few days left to grasp this record opportunity, so get busy before it is too late.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

66 Victims of "MAN WITH Ideas"

WE recently received a visit from a reader who had travelled all the way from Dunbar, Scotland, to lodge a complaint regarding a certain investment which had turned out very disastrously for him.

Attracted by an advertisement, he had got into touch with a Mr. J. J. Dewhurst, of the Stronghold Engineering Company, Ltd., Carlisle House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.2, a concern engaged in the manufacture of brake linings, beltings and engine packings.

Mr. Dewhurst—who fancies himself as a "man with ideas"—was confident that there were wonderful prospects ahead and was anxious to engage our reader as the firm's representative for the whole of Scotland.

But he stipulated that anyone accepting this appointment must be prepared to invest a sum of not less than £500.

At the same time, he was so taken with this particular applicant that he was ready to give a personal undertaking to repurchase the shares at par should the agent wish to terminate his engagement.

Ugly rumours

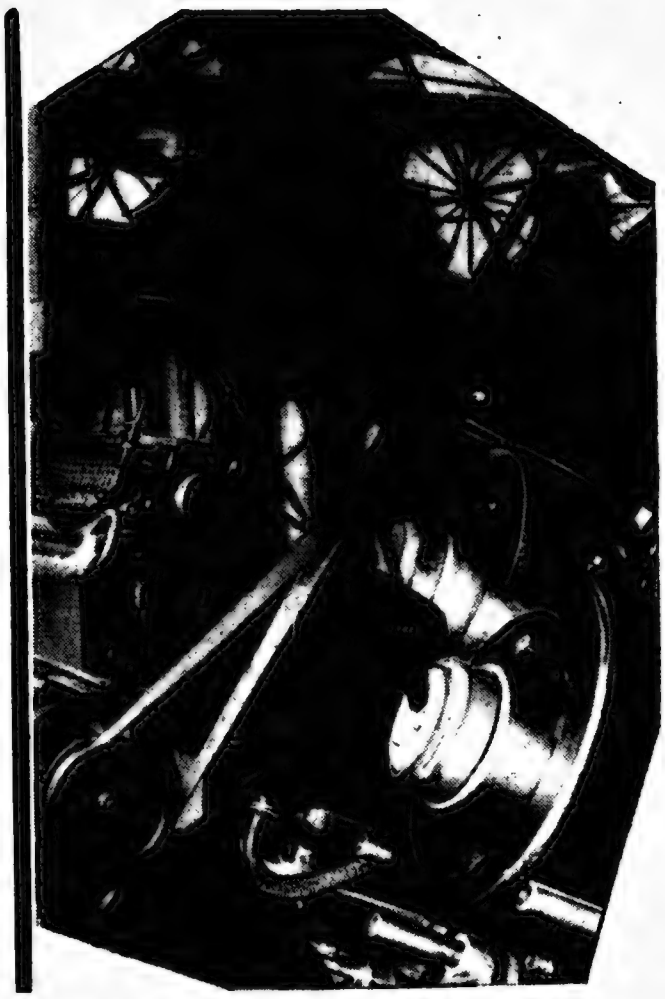
The proposition sounded very tempting, and as references furnished by Dewhurst seemed to be quite in order, the Scottish applicant decided to accept the offer. An agreement was accordingly drawn up, incorporating Mr. Dewhurst's undertaking to take back the shares, and a cheque for £500 changed hands.

For a few weeks the new representative for Scotland busied himself on the company's behalf, but it gradually became apparent that the prospects were not quite as hopeful as he had been led to believe.

Rumours then began to reach him and a few enquiries showed that Mr. Dewhurst's affairs were strangely involved. He therefore decided to get out of the business before he became involved also, and applied for the refund of his £500.

Then came a disquieting delay; but eventually Mr. Dewhurst's cheque for £500 came to hand, and our reader sighed with relief.

His satisfaction was shortlived, however, for within a few days this cheque was returned by the bank with the sorry intimation that it could not be met.



Dewhurst's engineering schemes were in an appalling tangle—just like this!

We are full of sympathy for our Scottish reader, for the only consolation that remains for him is the knowledge that he is not alone in his trouble.

He is merely one of sixty-six victims who have been drawn into Mr. Dewhurst's webs.

And tangled webs they are!

Investigations we have made show that he has an amazing financial record and has been engaged in reckless company promotions for years.

It is impossible to calculate the extent of Dewhurst's liabilities with any accuracy, but recent transactions alone involve more than £36,000.

A full record of the ventures through which he has contrived to pile up his formidable debts would fill columns.

Dewhurst is certainly a man with ideas, but they have always proved very costly to other people.

Another of his companies was called the Headway Manufacturing Company, which was formed to take over his "goodwill" in certain engineering stores he possessed.

Before it had made any headway at all its Hitchin headquarters were destroyed by fire and the insurance money was not sufficient to satisfy the claims of creditors.

As for the Stronghold Engineering Company, in which our Scottish reader has lost his money, this was formed to take over a trademark, certain office furniture and stock.

Dewhurst gained a salary of £500 a year and £4,000 in shares for his "experience" in the engineering trade! Considering what that experience has been, this is good.

So far, Dewhurst is responsible for £700 in personal debts incurred in connection with this company, while at least £5,000 is owing to investors who are in the same boat with our reader.

Dewhurst always aims to do well for himself out of flotations.

In one concern, formed to exploit a patent fan, he gained a salary of £300 a year and £5,000 in shares. Yet he is to-day personally responsible for debts of £1,000 incurred on this company's behalf.

One company, floated in York, actually lasted for two years. But it then failed ingloriously with £25,458 liabilities, and many of the creditors are unpaid to this day.

At one time or another he has had as many as five banking accounts running, and at least one bank is among his creditors at the present moment.

It is no exaggeration to say that he has scattered worthless cheques with shameful recklessness.

Avoid him!

More than 500 have been dishonoured since 1927, and by far the majority of these have been on his own personal accounts!

He has dabbled in a variety of ventures. A mill furnishing concern failed dismally, while a brickwork venture, on which he raised heavy mortgages, enjoyed only a month of life!

As we have hinted, a full record of his calamitous exploits would fill columns; but the foregoing disclosures should be sufficient to show that J. J. Dewhurst, in whatever guise he may appear, is a man to be avoided.

NOT from the B.B.C.

MRS. GRUNDY *defends* Those Prying Females

A MAN can do his morning jerks clad
only in his shorts,
Regardless of offence to female
eyes! . . .
This is the strange decision of a judge,
the Press reports,
And I tremble when I think what it
implies.
Is Modesty out-moded? Is Morality quite
dead?
Has Decency, despairingly, from out old
England fled?

Hand me my sal volatile, bring me a glass
of rum!
This is the most unkindest cut to date.
This awful man, Judge Crawford! His
opinions left me dumb
For the moment; but I'm now
articulate,
And, while my trusty brolly in my hand
I tightly clench,
I demand that he be instantly degraded
from the Bench!

I know that I am growing old and that I've never been what you might call popular in some quarters, but I know my duty when I see it (with the aid of a spy-glass), and I mean to do it.

Judges are supposed to be powerful, but I have behind me the power of the Purity Brigade, the Morality League, the Park Prowlers' Protection Association, and such eminent upholders of righteousness as "Dora," Stiggins, Chadband and Nosey Parker.

When an action was brought against an ex-Army officer, age sixty-one, for the possession of a flat, on the ground that, as a tenant, he was a nuisance, because females in an adjoining restaurant could sometimes see him in his room wearing only shorts, what did Judge Crawford do? Did he sentence the reprobate to be hanged by the neck with his own discarded braces? He did not.

Instead, he expressed the monstrous view that a man has a right to perform physical exercises in his own flat, even if clad only in shorts!

"One is not always thinking," said this man Crawford, "of the inquisitive female whose nose or eyes may be upon one. It used to be said that an Englishman's home is his castle, but that will no longer be so if some prying female can find out he is doing something in his home to which she takes exception."

This outrageous judge also stated that no ordinary decent-minded female has ever complained of the apparel of those who take part in the Boat Race, but this I flatly contradict. I am a decent-minded woman, and I object most emphatically to the way in which these shameless male athletes display their figures and their limbs.

Now that a judge has ranged himself on the side of immodesty, heaven knows where the leaving-off of clothing will leave off! And the awful part of it is that I am not, so to speak, so "shorts"-sighted as to deny that certain members of my own sex have done much to justify the argument used by some horrid anonymous man in a ribald rhyme he has sent me:

O noble Judge! O upright Judge!
We thank you for your common-sense,
So welcome in a world of fudge.
No doubt I am extremely dense,
But, speaking as a crude, coarse man,
I've never managed yet to see
Why we can't do what females can
With picturesque impunity.

Those dresses cut extremely low,
Those skirts (sometimes) so very high,
Those gowns devoid of sleeves, which
show
So much to the observing eye,
Those bathing costumes brief and tight,
Those stockings moulded to the limb—
If these things are for Her quite right,
Should shorts be thought too short for
Him?

HOT DRINK Hoaxer

AN impudent trickster is at present touring the country and defrauding shopkeepers by misusing the name of the famous firm of Clarke, Nickolls and Coombs.

His practice is to pose as a traveller of this firm and to book orders for a new peppermint cordial, which he says is about to be advertised on a very extensive scale.

Shopkeepers are urged to take advantage of this advertising by laying in a stock at advantageous rates, as the opportunity is not likely to occur again.

He was in Newton Abbot, Devon, the other day, and giving the name of William Bailey, booking up orders with his usual efficiency.

One client, who was inclined to hesitate, was permitted to taste the cordial; Bailey uncorking a bottle in his presence. It tasted excellent, so the shopkeeper immediately took a number of bottles to give the "new line" a trial.

His very first customer came back indignantly to protest that the cordial was "terrible." It certainly tasted nothing like the sample supplied by Mr. Bailey, and it proved on analysis to be sugar and water, to which a few drops of peppermint oil had been added.

This is typical of complaints which are now arising in all parts of the country, and William Bailey is making a nice little income by foisting consignments of his faked cordial upon shopkeepers.

The firm whose good name he so flagrantly misuses is naturally indignant, and would welcome information which might lead to this man's arrest.

MY HERMIT LIFE—*by The Man*

"Some shadow seems to rise between me and my beloved game" . . . Fate, the chess master, moved the pawn that was William H. Wallace, and ruined the game of life for him

M

eleventh hour t
the Court of Crim
He fled from the world o
venom and uncharitableness
Now, friendless and alone
he tells of the terrible toll th

IS there a man in the world to-day so near to so many people and yet so far away from them as I am?

I doubt it.

Millions of my fellow-creatures around me, within a few miles of my front door—and yet I might be a castaway on an iceberg in the Arctic.

I suppose that in the past twelve months, apart from men I have met in the course of my business, I have not spoken a friendly word to more than four people—or had a friendly word spoken to me.

That is what it means to be wrongfully sentenced to death and then acquitted. At least, so I have found it.

The world of my friends and acquaintances has shut up like an oyster.

If it weren't for my business associates who have stood by me splendidly I should hardly have found need to speak more than a few hundred words in the whole course of the past year.

But a man needs more than the society of his business acquaintances. He needs the human sympathy that is born of sincere friendship.

Vanished Friends

Most of my friends melted away like the snows of winter when I most needed their support.

And so I have become a hermit. I dare not seek companionship in face of the experiences I have met with from those I once thought I could rely on.

Really, in some ways I am more lonely now than I was in the condemned cell.

When I realised that it was impossible for me to reside any longer at Anfield because of the poison-tongues and venomous looks that for ever surrounded me, I picked on a smiling Cheshire village for my new home.

I did not choose my house solely for its solitude, solely as a place of sanctuary. I searched many districts before finding what I wanted—the house which my wife and I had so often visualised in our fireside chats, and which we were planning to build when she was murdered.

I came to my new home alone. I wanted no other woman to help me with the arrangement of it. My dear wife and I had talked over this house of our dreams so minutely that I had a very clear picture in my mind of what it ought to be like when furnished. And I followed her scheme as faithfully as I could.

My Memorial

It has been a sad pleasure for me to do this. My home, in fact, is a memorial to her and to our eighteen years of happy married life. We never had a secret from each other during all that time; and so, even now, my second home is the home she knew—if only in her mind's eye.

She would understand, if she knew, what some people may think a little odd—that though I live here completely alone, shut off from all social life, yet the house is large enough to accommodate a family.

Wide windows allow the bright sunshine to fill the rooms. They are furnished in gay colours.

Yet none the less they are as grey and sunless to me as a hermit's cell.

Heaven's sunshine is good, but it does not make up for the absence of the sunshine of human sympathy.

Still, I am proud of my home—proud of keeping it to myself and the memory of my wife. No woman has had a hand in its arrangement. No woman has been allowed to enter even to scrub or polish a floor. I am my own maid and housekeeper. I do my own shopping and my own cleaning. I make my own bed and I cook my own meals.

If you have read what I have already written about my year's sufferings at the hands of women, you will understand my feelings.

I Fear Them . . .

If any woman came into my home as housekeeper or help I could never rid myself of the idea that she was spying and prying, and that sooner or later she would join the band of poison-tongues that has pursued me with its slanders.

She would not, of course, find any secrets in my life that mattered at all. But a malevolent woman can make much out of little, transform black into white. . . .

And I'm not taking any risks!

You may wonder what a man does alone in a house, with such thoughts as mine to haunt him, and no one in the wide world outside to whom to turn.

Well, I have my garden. My wife and I loved flowers. I knew from the discussions we had had exactly the sort of garden she would have delighted in.

So when I came to live here I stocked a tool-shed in readiness to carry out her wishes.

I was eager to begin. But it was not so easy. I would make up my mind to start gardening one week-end. Then something would happen.

Some particular former friend would administer to me a severe rebuff; or I would hear of some new slander against me; or I would encounter some especially stony glance from an old acquaintance.

And it would have the effect, for the time being, of crushing my enthusiasm to a pulp. I would return home dejected and dispirited, and quite unable to turn my hand to anything.

But one day, when the late winter sun was shining, I did make a start.

Before doing so I raised a high fence all round to keep me from observation.

That set tongues going immediately. Silly people began to say that there was "something sinister" about this harmless fence upon which I spent so much labour and creosote—that I had built it in order to conceal "something."

My Garden of Memories. . . .

Yes, I love this garden—for the memories it evokes of the dear woman who inspired it, as much as for the forgetfulness I have found in it of the harsh and bitter side of human nature. I have learned why sufferers love flowers.

Every item of domestic work in my house is performed by myself before I leave for the office in the morning and when I come back from my office in Liverpool at night. For cleaning, dusting, polishing, cooking, washing, mending, even the darning of my socks, I am indebted to no one.

The world does not want me. . . . Well, as far as I can, I will do without that world.

And the surrounding village-folk, I am sure, will not take it unkindly if I assert that my home is as clean and tidy and kept as spick-and-span as that of the most fastidious housewife among them.

Ah, but then I have a company of silent magic slaves to do my bidding. They live in the wall-plugs which I have fitted wherever they can possibly be needed.

Science Helps Me

Man-like, I sometimes go out and forget that I have put the electric kettle on to boil. When I return hours later, no damage has been done.

The automatic cut-out which I have installed has seen to that. Coloured lamps flash in my kitchen to tell me the progress of a meal in cooking.

If I am a hermit, I am a modern hermit with science at my beck and call.

One discovery I have made during my domestic exile. It is that the ordinary housewife, apart from the use of labour-saving apparatus, does far more work than is necessary to preserve absolute cleanliness and brightness.

But I had better not say any more about this, or it will be twisted into some slander against me by some woman or other.

How my wife would have revelled in the boxes of tricks with which I have equipped the home!

When she was with me her passion for novelty and discovery gave me countless hours of joy in explaining, as far as I could, the great riddles of the universe and the why and wherefore of the scientific marvels that govern our everyday life.

For many years I have been an investigator and was for long a teacher of chemistry. As I passed from practical to theoretical science my wife tried hard to keep pace with me in the newer problems of physics.

Always when I declared that my early theories of relativity and what are now called atomic physics were not popularly accepted, she insisted

an They Did Not Hang

In the CONDEMNED CELL I was Less LONELY

R. WILLIAM H. WALLACE
was sentenced to death for
wife murder and at the
r the sentence was quashed by
riminal Appeal.

l of men and women when their
ess had bitten into his soul.

ne with his bitter thoughts,
h: solitude exacts.

that eventually I would find them being proved true.

The hours and hours we spent together examining specimens under the microscope. . . .

Now the microscope lies forsaken and dusty. From time to time I take it out and try to regain some of my old enthusiasm. But the slides become blurred and meaningless beneath my eye. I have no pleasure now in research, because there is no one with whom to share results.

I Hear Her Voice

When I bend over the instrument I sometimes feel my wife is there at my side watching and waiting her turn to peep.

"Take that dull one out. Tell me the story of this one."

I hear the sound of her voice as she passes me a new slide.

And I cannot bear to go on. I push the microscope aside. . . .

I get out my chessboard and chessmen. Chess was one of the passions of my life. Liverpool is a great chess-playing centre, and I was well known in the circle.

I have no one to play with me now. But on some evenings I get out my board, put the pieces on the squares and settle down to working out difficult problems.

A minute or two passes. Then I, who in the past have matched my brains against some of the greatest players in the world, realise that I am not concentrating on the board, though I sit staring at it.

Some shadow seems to rise between me and my beloved game.

I suddenly draw back. I know what it is. Chess is mixed up now with the terrible drama of my life.

There echoes in my ears the words of the prosecuting counsel at my trial.

Scaffold's Shadow

"I submit, members of the jury, that the prisoner planned and committed this murder as he would work out a problem on the chessboard that he knew so well."

Even my proficiency in my hobby was used as a weapon against me.

Chess that had been so long my delight and recreation became in an instant a menace to my life.

Can you wonder then, that when I sit alone in the evenings with the chessboard in front of me, the shadow of the dock, the shadow of the judge in the black cap—yes, even the shadow of the scaffold itself, rises before my eyes?

I push away the chessboard as I have already pushed away the microscope. . . .

I have no longer the desire to seek enjoyment outside, or I might spend my lonely evenings at a theatre. Better still, at a kinema, where in the semi-darkness I should feel safe from hostile eyes that stare at me and hostile tongues that whisper about me.

"That man Wallace . . . You know . . ."

But the pleasure of joining the world in its amusements has vanished now that my wife cannot share it with me. Never once since she died have I been to a theatre or kinema.

I think that never again shall I visit any place of entertainment or go anywhere where men and women assemble for amusement.

The ordeal I have passed through has killed my taste for such things. Amusement has a hollow ring to a man who has stood within the shadow of the gallows.

I have suffered too much to want to see the mimic sufferings of others on the stage or screen.

Music Hurts . . .

And I have suffered too much to be able to laugh lightheartedly at the things that amuse other people.

Of one thing I am certain. I shall never be able to bear going to one of those concerts of classical music which my wife and I used to attend so frequently.

Our mutual fondness for good music was the keynote of our happy married life. We were never more happy than when friends dropped in to our musical evenings and we played together the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, she at the piano and I with the violin.

My microscope, my chessmen, my violin. . . . All of them such dear friends to me in the past, and all of them now unable to give me the solace I so crave for during my lonely evenings.

So I fall back on books—books that have so often been the sole comforters of lonely men like me.

I have an excellent library, though perhaps a little overstocked in scientific works to please the general taste.

I cannot congratulate myself upon its arrangement. From where I sit I can see Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" sandwiched between "The Mentality of Apes" and "The Quantum Theory," and these in turn are flanked by my friends of thirty years, Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

Ghastliest Mystery

I hover around my bookcase for five or ten minutes sometimes before I settle upon the volume that is to make me forget myself for a brief hour or two.

And not infrequently it is a detective novel that my hand finally alights on.

What strange creatures we human beings are! Before I was the quarry of detectives myself, I had practically no interest in this sort of literature. Rather, I despised it.

And now I obtain endless fascination by following the activities of these fictitious crime investigators, and their blunderings before they alight on the right man.

At the end I put the book down. A very good mystery yarn, yes.

But I am still searching for a murder mystery more extraordinary than the one that has broken my life to pieces.

Next week:

My Three Dread Anniversaries

"My Garden of Memories... In my home of dreams I have learned why sufferers love flowers"

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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS of TO-DAY—5.

Douglas GOLDRING

Condemns Usurpers of Freedom

"WELL, father. Now I shall be entitled to vote!" Molly Davies glanced across the breakfast-table at her parent and smiled at him defiantly. It was her twenty-first birthday and she meant to make the most of it.

Mr. Davies, Chairman of the Licensing Magistrates, Town Councillor and leading draper of the popular resort of Dymington-on-Sea, raised his head from his newspaper and looked suspiciously at his "slip-of-a-girl" who had grown so suddenly into a young woman.

"Why, so you will," he said fingering his red, pointed beard. "I only hope you will use your vote in accordance with the principles in which you have been brought up."

"I shall use it in accordance with my own common-sense, dad," Molly rejoined. "After all, it's my vote."

This fact, although incontrovertible, exasperated Mr. Davies. The girl was getting out of hand. That young man, George Turner, who had been hanging about the house recently, had been putting ideas into her head. It all began when she joined the Black Rock Tennis Club.

While he was making his way, ten minutes later, to the shop, Mr. Davies wondered what steps he could take to put an end to this most undesirable friendship between his daughter and George Turner.

George, who was in business as a builder, and his uncle, Henry Turner, who had recently erected an up-to-date hotel in close proximity to the new golf-links, were leaders of the opposition party to his own in Dymington municipal politics.

The Big Secret

They stood for everything of which he most violently disapproved—later drinking hours in the summer months, Sunday amusements (including even kinemas), and what they were pleased to call a "brighter Dymington!"

Mr. Davies remembered, with satisfaction, that Mr. Henry Turner had not yet been granted a licence for his hotel, and that the application was to come up before him at the ensuing Brewster Sessions.

While her father was meditating evil against the Turner family and all they stood for, Molly was thinking very tenderly of George Turner, with whom she had arranged to play tennis that afternoon.

The two had reached an understanding some weeks previously, but they had agreed to wait until after Molly's liberating birthday before announcing their engagement.

Molly knew all about the hotel, the building of which had been one of George's most important jobs

And realised how essential to the success of the undertaking was the granting of the licence.

With her father's narrow and intolerant views she had no sympathy, and she agreed with George that as a fanatical teetotaler he had no right to be the chairman of a Bench of Licensing Magistrates. Brought up as she had been in that atmosphere of bigoted self-righteousness which breeds a desire to interfere in other people's private concerns, Molly had come to regard intolerance as the meanest of the vices.

"If you don't approve of alcohol," she argued, "don't touch it. You don't have to.

"If you don't approve of games on Sunday, don't play them! If you prefer church or chapel to the kinema on Sunday evenings, avoid the kinema and go to church! But why force your personal views on your neighbours? Why persecute and coerce those who don't think as you do?"

In the afternoon George, who looked very handsome in white flannels, called to take her to the Black Rock Tennis Club. They played two sets before tea, and after a short interval continued playing until half-past seven.

As they were both thirsty after their exertions George suggested that they should repair for a drink to the lounge of the famous Castle Hotel, an old coaching inn which was one of the sights of Dymington.

George ordered himself a tankard of the excellent local ale. Molly, from preference rather than principle, ordered lemon squash, and lit a cigarette. The armchairs were comfortable, the surroundings conducive to a pleasant chat.

George felt happy. He was very much in love, as well he might be, for Molly, with her dark curls, clear complexion and intelligent brown eyes, was unusually attractive, both as regards looks and character.

T.T.s' Tyranny

"You know, Molly," George remarked, "if your worthy parent manages to get our application rejected at Brewster Sessions, my Uncle Harry will be in the cart. We've most of us got shares in the undertaking. It's a sort of family concern.

"When we started building there was quite a reasonable old boy as chairman of the Licensing Magistrates. He was a Dymington man, like the Turners, but, unfortunately, he died.

"Now the teetotalers have a majority on the Bench. It seems a bit unfair that a set of people, not elected by their fellow-townsmen and not removable by them, should be able to exercise so much power. The situation is just as bad in Brighton and in Eastbourne, where the magistrates have turned down the application for the extra half-hour during the holiday season."

Spoil Sport

Molly nodded her head in agreement.

"Father imagines that because he has made money by overworking himself, because he goes to chapel regularly, is a teetotaler and managed to get himself appointed a J.P., he has a right to order everyone about for their own good," she said. "It was he who got the cricket stopped on Dymington Green after they'd been playing there for a hundred and fifty years."

"Why force your personal views on your neighbours," says Douglas Goldring?

"I'm afraid he'll cut you off with a shilling, darling, when you marry a wicked beer-drinker like me!" George replied. "I'll have another half-pint, just to spite him!"

Respectable English people, unlike their Continental neighbours, do not kiss in public, so George took Molly's hand and squeezed it.

"As we need not wait for your father's approval, which we shan't get in any case, couldn't we give notice at the Registrar's straight away?"

"As soon as you like, my dear. The sooner the better."

"What about Paris for our honeymoon? I can manage three or four weeks?"

"Heavenly, George."

"We certainly need a holiday from "Dora," though England would be good enough for me if she weren't so hag-ridden by killjoys. What a jolly England we could have, if only they'd let us!"

It was time for them to return to their respective homes, and they walked out happily into the evening sunshine—straight into the arms of Mr. Davies.

The door from which they had emerged bore on its frosted glass the words, "Saloon Lounge." Mr. Davies glared at it, glared at his daughter, glared at George Turner, while a dull flush of rage suffused his cheeks.

INTERFERENCE

"Molly, you have allowed this man to take you into a saloon," he gasped. "Don't deny it. I saw you come out. You have disgraced *me* and disgraced yourself. As for you, sir," he spluttered, turning to George, "it is exactly what I should have expected of you. I forbid you to speak to my daughter again."

"Really, father!"

The Heavy Father

"Go home at once, girl, and wait till I return." Molly did not stir.

"If you don't mind," said George suavely, "I'd rather you didn't talk to my fiancée as if she were one of your employées."

"Your *what*?"

"My fiancée."

"Is this true?" asked the enraged magistrate, pointing his bearded chin aggressively at his daughter.

"Perfectly true, father," said Molly. "I waited until my birthday to tell you."

"I absolutely forbid it."

"Don't be a fool, sir," said George wearily. "You *can't* forbid it."

"We'll see about that," Mr. Davies snorted. "If you think, young man . . ."

Not knowing what to say or do, he strode off without another word, choking with rage.

"The prospect of the Golf Hotel getting a licence never was particularly bright," said George laughing. "Now we haven't an earthly. Do you think it is all right for you to go home, or would you rather stay at mother's?"

"Good heavens," said Molly. "I'm not afraid of father. I know him much too well."

Mr. Davies stormed and raged at his

(Continued on page 24)

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"INTERFERENCE"—*Continued from page 22*

Hypocrisy's Mask Off!

daughter when she returned. But, in view of what his fellow-magistrates might say, he had not the nerve to turn her out of the house before she chose to leave it.

He preserved a sulky silence, addressed no word to her at meal-times, and spent the days which elapsed before the opening of the Brewster Sessions in organising opposition to the granting of a licence to the Golf Hotel.

His teetotal friends, rejoicing in the prospect of another victory for their cause, rallied to his support.

Victory—and After

When at last he took the chair, he was certain that he would have things his own way. The first application to be heard was made on behalf of all the licensed victuallers of Dymington for an extension of the permitted hours from ten until half-past, during the summer months.

The magistrates did not trouble to listen to counsel's arguments, as they had already agreed on their decision. The application was dismissed.

After some further business, the case of the Golf Hotel was considered. Mr. Davies glanced round the room and noticed, with satisfaction, that Mr. Henry Turner looked nervous and uneasy.

When, after counsel had supported the application and a local Nonconformist minister had opposed it, Mr. Davies turned to consult his fellow-magistrates, he found a conflict of opinion. The Bench was about evenly divided, and it was only by the exercise of his casting vote that the chairman succeeded in refusing the licence.

"That'll teach these Turners," he thought to himself.

As he walked home, after the court had risen, he glowed with righteousness and self-satisfaction. Molly would now learn what came of opposing his wishes.

But when he entered it, the house seemed strangely empty. The small feminine odds and ends which indicated a woman's presence had disappeared. He went up to his daughter's room and looked in. The dressing-table was stripped bare. No clothes were visible. He rang for the maid.

"Where is Miss Molly?" he asked.

"She went away this morning, sir, with her luggage."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, sir," said the girl, "'ow was cook and me to guess you didn't know of it?"

Mr. Davies dismissed her and went to his study full of rage and baffled spite. Molly had left no letter begging for his forgiveness. She had not even left her address

After some days of loneliness and discomfort, the reason for which he would not admit, his nerves began to get on edge.

The servants were out of hand; the house was not properly run; he needed a change.

Now, when Mr. Davies "needed a a change," it was his custom, in company with a friend of his, a draper at Hastings, to spend a few days in investigating, at first hand, the deplorable wickedness and immorality of the French.

Business connected with his shop supplied a pretext for these occasional visits to Paris. A prey to unrest, irritated and angry, he decided that the time had come for a further bout of missionary enterprise.

Accordingly, he rang up his crony, and, finding him agreeable, arranged to meet

"Good heavens, dad, what on earth are you doing here?"

him on the Dover packet. In acting thus Mr. Davies was merely following the traditions of his class and type. The cloakroom at Dover is always packed with the religious and moral principles of English business men.

Paris is, in some respects, a small city, and its pleasure quarters, in which the foreigner disports himself, are restricted. Montparnasse absorbs the "Bohemian" visitors, who have, at all events, heard of art and literature; Montmartre attracts the Middle Westerner, the English Nonconformist Conscience, and the ordinary middle-class crowd. Both are among the sights which must be seen.

There was, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that George Turner and his bride should be taking a stroll near the Place Pigalle at the very moment when Mr. Davies and his friend were emerging, a trifle unsteadily, from a notorious music-hall. The parties, literally, ran into each other.

"Good heavens, dad," Molly cried in amazement, "what on earth are you doing here?" George chuckled cruelly as he watched his father-in-law's embarrassment.

"I—er—came over on business." Mr. Davies cleared his throat several times and attempted to recover his dignity.

"Won't you have a drink with us?" George suggested.

"No, thank you. I don't drink."

A Bit of Luck

"Gosh," muttered Molly, under her breath.

"Well, won't you lunch with us tomorrow?"

"I am catching the early train."

"Well, good-bye, sir; I am delighted to have seen you," said George, with heartfelt sincerity.

"Good-night, dad."

"Good-night, Molly."

"That is a bit of luck!" George remarked, when his father-in-law had gone.

He was right. At the next Brewster Sessions, when Mr. Henry Turner renewed his application for a licence for the Golf Hotel, the licence was granted.

Next Week

INSINCERITY,

by STORM JAMESON

The Human Machine

Are You DEAD?

DESPITE all the pessimistic talk that has become an almost universal habit, very few people have any real troubles. They have plenty of difficulties. Very few people to-day are free from those. But difficulties are not troubles; they are only challenges to energy and ingenuity.

You dispute it? Well, how many of you have suddenly been deprived of your hearing as Beethoven was, so that he could no longer listen to the music that was his whole life? How many of you have suddenly lost your sight, so that you can no longer see the beauties of Nature? How many of you have suddenly been deprived of the use of your limbs, so that you must perforce stop in one place, unable to get about and enjoy the million and one things that the world has to offer you?

Those are real troubles. Difficulties and hardship are not to be compared with them. "What most of us really want at heart," said a cynic recently, "is a job as a jam-tart taster at £20 a week!"

If we can't distinguish between troubles and difficulties we run a great danger of becoming soft, of developing an instinct that makes us run away from problems instead of buckling to and solving them, of asking other people to do our thinking for us.

It's no use crying before we're hurt; and it takes a great deal more to hurt us than most of us are willing to admit. The men who have walked straight through difficult times are mostly those who have learned to treat life with what the late Frank Harris called "amused indifference." They take fair fortune and foul with a tolerant smile—and go their own way.

"Whenever I hear a chronic grouser," said Herbert Casson, "I think, What a pity he could not be dead for a week! Then perhaps he would learn to appreciate life."

The trouble with people who confuse difficulties with genuine troubles is that they've been dead for much longer than a week—and haven't found it out!

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No wonder you wake up tired

Normal blood pressure 120: Blood pressure normally registers about 120. This figure rises with exercise — perhaps to 150 or 160 — and sinks in sound sleep to about 100. But in troubled sleep blood pressure does not fall, but rises, and pressures as high as 200 have been recorded.
BLOOD-PRESSURE GAUGE
200
100
RESTLESS SLEEP
SOUND SLEEP

BLOOD-PRESSURE TESTS SHOW WHY!

MEDICAL research has shown that restless sleep, disturbed by dreams, may cause more strain than day-time exercise.

Blood pressure is a measure of this strain. In deep, calm sleep it naturally falls; but tossing and turning — dreaming as well, can cause blood pressure to rise. Sometimes higher than in hard exercise! No wonder you wake up tired and irritable after a night of troubled sleep.

It is a losing game. You cannot catch up with real health and fitness if your sleep is not giving real rest. Only deep, quiet sleep can rebuild the nervous and physical energy used up in the day's activities. Yet investigations show that 7 out of every 10 people suffer from lack of this restful sleep.

Promotes quiet, dreamless sleep

You can soon remedy matters by going to bed with a Horlick's nightcap — it is the simplest way to ensure sound sleep.

Horlick's is a combination of malted barley and wheat — delicious to taste, nourishing and body building. It warms you up, soothes your whole system. Sleep comes easily and is deep and restful.

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* BRITISH THROUGHOUT *

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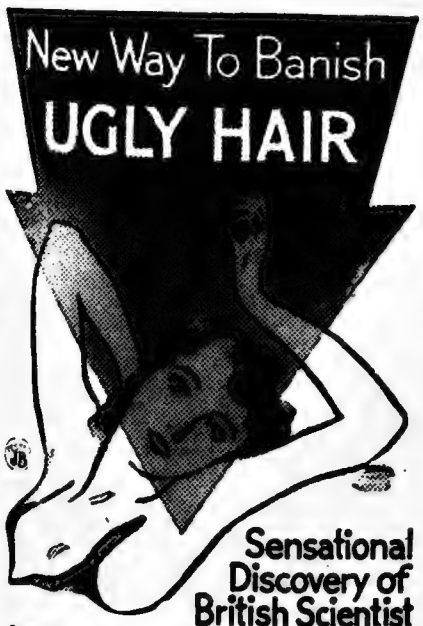

Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it. To-day, in 3 minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles—no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

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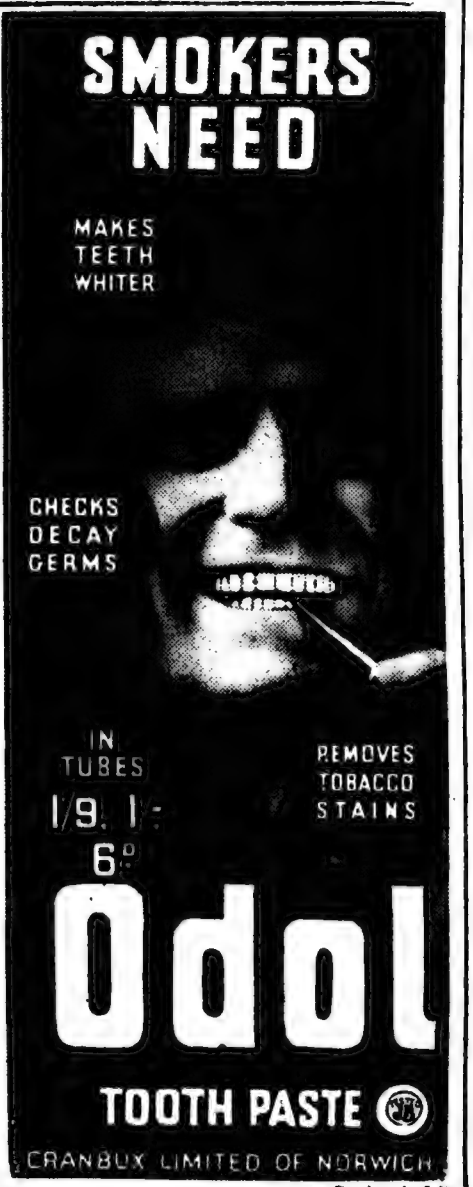

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"We all eat a HANDFUL
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HE's *a* Good HUSBAND, BUT—

ARE you one of those with "a good husband, *but*—"? Is your wife "a splendid woman, *except*—"?

That seems to be the case with many of my correspondents. Their married life, they tell me, is marred by just one thing. Like the Garden of Eden, a snake has appeared to disturb their paradise.

Here are some of the complaints that come from them:

"I hope you will not think me disloyal in writing to you about my husband. He is a steady man and neither drinks nor gambles. But he seems to take everything for granted.

"He never speaks a kind word to me and does not think that we ever ought to go out together. When he comes home at night he sits and pores over his newspaper, and I can't get a word out of him."

"He sits and pores over his newspaper and I can't get a word out of him"

Until she came

And a Northampton reader propounds a problem which troubles a great many folk. This is what she says:

"Has my husband the right to bring his mother to live with us? We were quite happy until she came, but with her interfering ways there seems nothing but trouble.

"Nothing seems to be right in her eyes. I bring up the children badly; I am extravagant with the housekeeping, and whenever I go to the pictures, which is very seldom, she calls me a gadabout."

The complaints do not all come from the women folk. Here are a couple of extracts from the letters of aggrieved husbands:

"My wife is not the slightest help to me in my work. It is necessary for me to cultivate certain people for business reasons But if I take any of them home for a drink and a chat she is not even civil to them and treats them like dirt.

"In these days, when business is hard to get, I have to take advantage of every opportunity. It seems such a strange attitude for my wife to take as she is perfectly sensible in other ways."

And another correspondent writes:

"I married my wife eighteen years ago. We have three children, two girls and a boy, but this is what I object to—my wife never seems to consider me and seems to delight in putting them first.

"I have to wait for my meals until they are ready for theirs. When I offer to take her out, she says she cannot leave the children."

Always 'something'

As I thought over these problems of married folk I called to mind a personal experience.

Some years ago I had a long spell of bad health. One trouble followed another in quick succession, and in three years I had to undergo five serious operations.

Just before the last one I said to my doctor, "When will it all end? There always seems to be something." He smiled benignly. "Yes," he said, "and there always will be something." And that seems to be true of married life.

I have not much time for the Dunmow flitch kind of happiness. They must be very humdrum couples who can live for a year and a day without disagreeing on something or other. We are all built differently, and it is not to be expected that we can look at the same question in the same way.

A person without an opinion of his own might just as well be a doll or a dummy. I would far sooner have a husband or a wife with some spirit in them than one of those "milk and water" individuals.

Now what is wrong with many homes is that the man treats the woman he marries merely as a cipher. He looks upon her as a subordinate, whereas in reality she is a partner with equal rights and responsibilities.

Take the first of my correspondents. Her husband is evidently one of those casual men who take "everything for granted." His wife might be a housekeeper for all the companionship he gives her. True, he has his good points. He is steady and neither drinks nor gambles.

But that is not sufficient. The absence of such vices does not make up for other failings. That is a fine saying of Mr. Justice McCardie: "The longer I live the more I am convinced that kindliness and consideration are the greatest of life's virtues."

And those are the things my correspondent is denied. If she has been married for only a short while she must put her foot down firmly. No man should be allowed to take everything for granted.

But if, as I surmise, their wedding took place many years ago, her task will not be an easy one.

Frankly, in this case, I think my correspondent is partly to blame. There is a saying that a man gets the wife he deserves. And the same thing is often true of the woman.

Then there is my second correspondent. She tells me that her life is becoming unbearable because of the nagging ways of her husband's mother. What should she do? This—her mother-in-law must be made to find fresh quarters.

The first duty of that husband is towards his wife. He may quite rightly feel some responsibility for his mother, but if she has not the sense to live at peace with her daughter-in-law, she forfeits part of her claim for consideration.

The blame is not all on the side of the men. There is the woman who refuses to help her husband in his work. She may think her business is simply to look after his home.

Wrong attitude

But is it? Would she have a home if her husband's interests are allowed to suffer? If a man is trying to succeed it is very galling to have his efforts baulked by those from whom he might reasonably expect the greatest help.

That woman is definitely wrong in the attitude she has adopted. Very selfish and short-sighted is the wife who will not occasionally put herself out for her husband.

And what of the remaining problem? Many a tragedy has been caused by a woman placing the children first and the husband a bad second.

No father should have to play second fiddle to his family. If he does he is either a weakling or he will soon "kick" against it and find consolation elsewhere. And if that happens the wife cannot complain.

There is this further point to consider: the time will come when those children will leave the parental roof. Then the wife will be thrown back upon the companionship of her husband, or if she has neglected him—what?

Husbands and wives must pull together. The remedy for most troubles is in the fostering of the team spirit.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—
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PHILIP INMAN

TELL "Humanist" about that trouble which is causing you anxiety. He promises to do his utmost to help you overcome it. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

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An unprecedented number of burglaries has occurred lately in a prominent London suburb. Fear prevails in the neighbourhood. Women are afraid to stay at home alone.

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Meanwhile, JOHN BULL readers need have no fear of burglars wherever they may reside—provided they are registered for our Free Insurance which covers this risk—amongst many others—up to £200.

Those who have not yet registered are urged to do so at once. Forms will be found on page 38.

WARNING!

When your dog is
LISTLESS
on bright, Spring days

—time for a Bob Martin

SPRING is a very trying time for your dog. Remember that his skin is non-porous and prevents him regulating the heat of his body by perspiring. As the days become warm his blood heats up and it is then that the true condition of his blood becomes known.

Nearly all dogs have impure blood-streams, unless conditioned regularly with a blood corrective. In cold weather these impurities lie dormant in the blood, but quickly develop when the blood begins to heat up on warm May days. That is why such blood complaints as Listlessness, Loss of Appetite, and Excessive Scratching are so common in Spring.

Your dog need suffer none of these ailments. You can keep him in glorious condition by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove all blood impurities and tone up the whole system. In this way, famous Breeders for the past forty years have kept their dogs in the perfect standard of fitness demanded at the Shows and Field Trials.

Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*, and in a week or so you will be amazed at the *difference* which real *condition* makes to him.

All chemists, dog biscuit shops, and big stores sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

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CONDITION POWDERS

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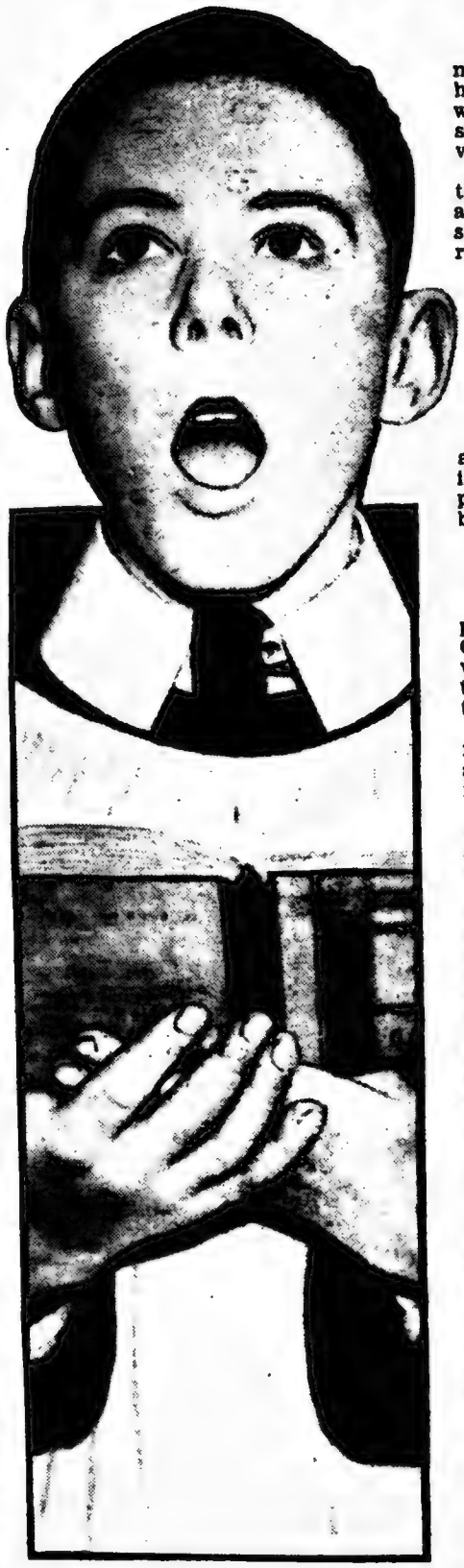
CONFESSIONS of a Choirboy

Here a former chorister very frankly sets down his impressions of his choirboy days. "John Bull," in giving them publication, does not necessarily agree with them



"A-a-amen"—a choirboy of to-day

BRUCE, my son, was nine yesterday—he's an eager, bright little fellow. Imaginative, too—so impressionable that I have a spasm of fear sometimes.

And, yesterday, Bruce told me confidentially that he was thinking of becoming a choirboy. His schoolmaster had said that he had a useful voice; and, anyway, his pal had earned ten shillings that way last quarter.

I wouldn't mind, of course, he knew. Just thought he'd mention it, though. . . .

Independent young beggar! I laughed and told him to carry on.

* * *

That night I thought about it rather seriously—it had struck me that it wasn't to be so easily dismissed.

Suddenly I discovered that, during the years of my own boyhood when I had occupied a place in the choir-stalls, the seeds had been sown of my present confusion of unbelief, the weed-tangle of doubt in my own mind.

Transformation

Maybe they would have flourished in any case. I wonder. For I, too, had been imaginative; I was very impressionable then. It worries me now, with Bruce on the verge of the same experience. I want him to have a *fair* chance of thinking things out for himself.

* * *

For five years I was transformed each Sunday from a knickerbockered kiddie into a cassocked and surpliced chorister.

I remember it vividly from my agony of nervousness at the first practice to the heart-stopping horror I felt when once something in my throat seemed to twist and a top note was mutilated—when, as solo-boy, monarch of the front stalls, my voice first showed signs of "breaking."

* * *

At the beginning I was overawed, half-fearful at the solemnity and mystery of the church service as viewed from "behind the scenes."

Strange how quickly that feeling gave way to one of self-confidence, to a sort of superiority, a sense of power.

"Just dour"

Soon, I certainly considered myself to be a cut above those people down there in the pews, who thought that their carefully set expressions made them look intense and inspired, instead of just dour, and who daren't sing too loud in case anybody heard them!

They were merely the audience; we were the "show"—we and the vicar and the organist.

Even the organ-blower, who sometimes fell asleep during the sermon and made the organist grow red in the face and twitch his lips as though he were swearing under his breath when he pressed unresponsive keys—even he was infinitely of more consequence than the "noodles" down there.

Yes, I grew to despise the congregation. Vacuous-looking lot. And rather uncomfortable and self-conscious—you could always stare them out. Or they would give you a guilty, sickly smile in that horrible "what-little-angels-you-are" sort of way—the women especially.

The congregation: they were just there to be sung to and prayed for and filled with sermonising.

Peculiar kind of entertainment, but perhaps they enjoyed it. I used to think that we ought to have our lips rouged and our cheeks painted as we did at the school concerts, just to give them their money's worth.

A number of the people down there we'd marry or bury—and get a shilling apiece for doing it. That's all they represented to me—potential brides and bridegrooms, and corpses (who had no gender).

Weddings were more enjoyable than funerals, always. Now and again a best man would give the choirboys an extra "tip"—and nobody can expect a dead body to put its hand in its pocket, not even young Geoffrey.

Geoffrey was the first new boy I had next to me at the bottom of the stalls; he helped to give me that sense of power which developed so rapidly. He was a shrinking, white-faced child, with a voice that was husky with fright.

For a long time he could never find the place in his Psalter—I'd whisk it away from his fluttering fingers and substitute my own opened book. I dug his ribs when he made woeful mistakes with the pointing, and jerked him to his knees when he didn't know what to do next.

Also, I taught him how to substitute a convincing mumble for the endless responses of the Litany.

And during the sermon he learnt how to play noughts and crosses and how to draw faces of the choirmen in the blank pages in the front of the prayer-books without being seen from behind.

The splutter

And—a more dangerous game we played called "Seeing How Long You Can Hold Your Breath." My birthday watch would pass quietly down the row to time each effort. A tally would be taken in the vestry afterwards.

Geoffrey's first attempt was a dismal failure. It ended in a dreadful splutter and a loud choke—and a vicious jab from a tenor in the men's stalls.

Officious lot, those choirmen; they didn't understand the spirit of the thing at all. Still, they provided some fun, without knowing it.

One old, old man there was whose voice wobbled and croaked most comically. I used to cease singing during a hymn just to appreciate fully the magnificent wheeziness of it. Once, too, his voice accidentally trailed on after the rest of us had stopped. It sounded so naked and ridiculous and it was smothered in such an abrupt and gaspy way that we all just couldn't prevent ourselves from giggling.

But afterwards I was very sorry for the poor old man. I supposed he'd had a boy's voice a long time ago—although it did seem quite incredible.

* * *

All this proximity must have had a baneful effect upon any religious tendencies I might have been expected to have had at that time.

You see . . .

All those things which should have been approached tentatively and with reverence became fearfully oppressive, wearying, irritating when their uncanniness had been forgotten.

He shall choose

The service meant nothing to me. The hours I spent in the stalls when I was not singing were used up in a hopeless search for relieving incident. How I longed for a sidesman to drop his heavy plate as he walked up the aisle or the vicar to trip up the pulpit steps!

I remember, strangely, how I would concentrate on the bootsoles of the communicants as they knelt: I watched for years, but they always seemed to have their boots mended for the occasion; I never could find a broken sole. . . .

* * *

Bruce hasn't made up his mind definitely yet, but I realise that I must be prepared.

I *have* thought seriously about it, and, after all, I have decided that Bruce shall have his chance to find out for himself. Maybe his spirit is sturdier than mine was—he may eventually discover faith and contentment where I could only see doubt and unreality.

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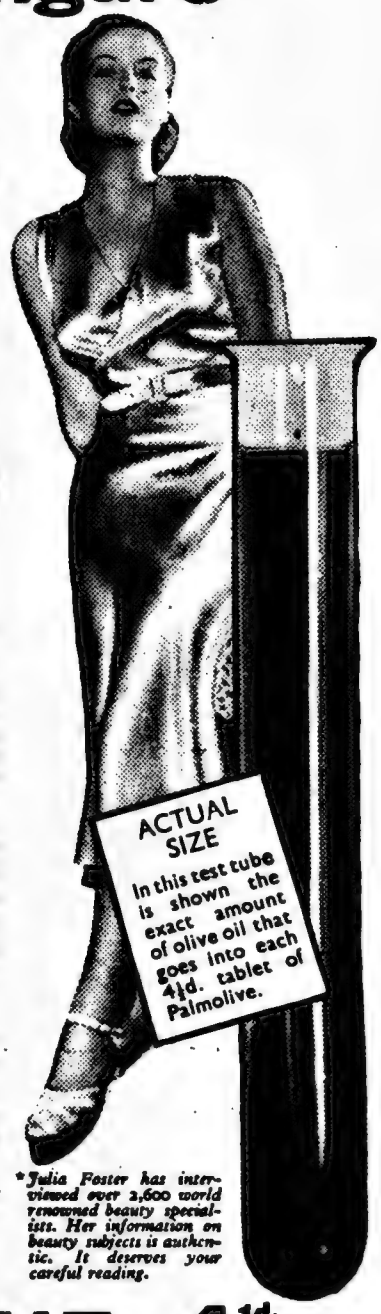

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Footballers FACE *their* Blackest SUMMER

After the last week of the season, after those boots have been used for the last time, the "pro's" real fight begins

THIS week leading football clubs and their players will find themselves confronted with the worst crisis in the history of the game.

Saturday will not only mark the end of a disastrous winter, but the beginning of a summer that promises to be far worse and fraught with hardship for thousands who depend for their livelihood on the sport.

For one thing, a record number of clubs are facing the summer—the season of greatest expenditure—with big overdrafts and little hope of playing any more on the sympathies of the banks.

For another, many hundreds of players will find themselves totally unemployed throughout the summer without a penny of income of any kind—"placed on the transfer list," as they are described in official communications.

Once they are offered free of charge or at a certain price to all comers, as they are when they are listed in this way, their clubs cease to pay them as from May 7, when winter pay ends and summer begins. And so the close-season pay of £6 a week downwards, to which they have looked forward, simply does not mature.

Their last kick

Imagine the plight of these hundreds whom their clubs cannot support throughout the summer.

On Saturday they will kick a ball for the last time for their present clubs. It may be for the last time in first-class football. In any case what team is going to engage them before the end of August and so become responsible for their maintenance during the cricket season?

This week the cheers of the crowd. Next week genuine want. Next month—who knows?

One famous First Division club has actually offered to give three men away for nothing—three men who have served them well in their year of triumph.

There was a day when the refusal of a man's club to re-sign him usually meant either that he had grown too old for the game or had been guilty of misconduct. This year it will simply mean in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred: "We are sorry, but we can't afford you."

But whatever the reason the effect on the man will be the same—anxiety, hardship, and the terrible feeling that his reputation has been damaged and that his club does not want him.

Not all of them will complain. Many will understand what their clubs have gone through this winter—especially some of the north country clubs, whose teams, in the very headquarters of football, have attracted smaller gates this season than some of the amateur teams of the south. Many of the great grounds up north have hardly ever been more than a quarter full throughout the season

No fewer than eighty-seven leading clubs are facing a summer so black that many of them are wondering whether they will be able to survive it.

All the same, the system is iniquitous that enables a club to get rid of its players in this way, while a player is regarded as not playing the game if he does not give his club a chance of re-engaging him when his twelve months' contract—the longest contract permitted between club and player—comes to an end.

The clubs themselves are facing the next few months with the gravest anxiety. Football stands and railings need repainting, and a football ground needs as much paint as a battleship. The League authorities are bound to come round and say that this and that must be done, stressing, as they quite rightly do, that every ground must be fit for play and the accommodation for the players and officials satisfactory.

And the local authorities, the London County Council in the case of London, will soon be round examining the grounds from the point of view of public safety, saying this stand must be strengthened, that banking underpinned, those railings renewed.

What if they should condemn a stand altogether? There are many clubs at present surveying rotting patches in their so-called grand stands. The lives of spectators must not be risked.

Yet how can the bills be paid with a big overdraft at the bank; not a penny of income coming in until the last week in August; the manager, trainer, secretary, ground staff and the players to be kept throughout the summer?

No wonder hundreds of thousands of people are going to be asked to help their clubs with threepenny or sixpenny donations, or purchases at bazaars, during the cricket season.

A losing proposition

Football is not going to ask for charity with a blush—because it was always ready to work for charity when it was in a position to help.

The balance-sheets soon to be published will show how essential help is at the moment. They will reveal a tremendous falling away in receipts for almost every club and a big deficit on the part of many.

In many cases supporters will decide to emulate the patrons of Clapton Orient, who, determined that Third Division football shall survive in the locality, have started a club to find money for the team.

But whether they will find an individual supporter who will augment all the money raised in this way on a pound for pound basis, as is happening in the case of Clapton, is a different matter.

Football, taking it from the national point of view and without regard to the few clubs that are doing well, is a losing proposition. Clubs, players and shareholders are all going to suffer.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A Motherless Home

Will you help her dad?

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Vera is one of a large and very unfortunate family. Her eldest sister, who is fifteen, suffers from St. Vitus' dance; the baby, under three months old, has been very close to death's door; and two little mites, younger than Vera, are down with pneumonia.

All the nine children are delicate, and if ever a family needed a mother's care it is Vera's.

The tragedy is that, some ten weeks ago, Vera's mother died, leaving her unemployed ex-Service man to bring up the family with only such help as the Poor Law authorities accord him.

If the children's dad was in vigorous health, the burden laid on his shoulders would weigh less heavily, but his services with the Forces on four fronts—France, Salonica, Egypt and Palestine—left him with malaria, for which his pension was discontinued in 1924, though he is still incapacitated by that complaint for weeks at a time.

He has been out of work for the last four to five years, and ill for the past six months.

There are many in this world who suffer through their own fault, but Vera's dad is a man of good moral character, and his sufferings have come upon him through the war and unemployment.

We, therefore, ask our readers with confidence to send help for this and other families, addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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FOR ANY RACE

If your letter commission bears a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—in accordance with rules, you will be on at full starting price, or at totalisator odds if desired.

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227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Builders of a Better WORLD

WITH little fuss and no limelight, a conference is sitting at Geneva which concerns the everyday life and work of countless millions of people.

This is the annual assembly of the International Labour Organisation, set up under the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

Drop in during the proceedings and you will find installed in the presidential chair a man who was a few years ago working as a railway clerk in Canada. He is Senator Robinson, now Minister of Labour in our North American Dominion.

To his right on the platform sits that astute and able Frenchman, M. Albert Thomas, Director of the I.L.O. and the brain at the head of the organisation.

Seated in the hall below is an array of men—and some women—of all nationalities and tongues. White predominates, but there are all shades of black and brown and yellow.

They are all sent by, and at the expense of, their Governments. They include direct Government representatives, representatives chosen by the employers' organisations and the nominees of the trade unions.

A ponderous business, say you. Not at all. See how smoothly it works.

An Englishman goes to the rostrum. You immediately see flashed on a huge screen certain numbers, with, against them, the names of various languages.

* * *

If you are a delegate or a Pressman, you can pick up a pair of headphones and, by turning an indicator to the corresponding number, listen to that speech in German, French, Italian, Spanish and Chinese—as the delegate is speaking in English.

How is this marvel achieved? Look at that row of men and women at desks under the rostrum, each with a curious piece of apparatus into which he or she talks. They are super-translators speaking into their instruments, each in a different language. And they are proud of the fact that seldom are they more than three words behind the speaker on the rostrum.

Massed together at Geneva are the world's delegates whose aim is to make the worker's life a happier one

Each instrument is connected with an elaborate telephone system, and the switch on your desk connects you with whichever you wish to hear.

And what do they talk about? Were you there just now, you would hear grave discussions on the problem of unemployment, which affects every industrial nation in the world.

The Director has again this year drawn attention in his report to the urgent necessity for international action to cope with this problem.

He has set out proposals which have already been drawn up for great roads across Europe, to help relieve unemployment; the question of shorter working hours is raised; measures for re-establishing credit are put forward. And so on.

The conference is also engaged this year in trying to reach an agreed convention, fixing the age at which children may enter what is known as non-industrial employment—that is, such jobs as messengers, van-boys, newspaper sellers, milk-boys.

It is also discussing plans to abolish the evil of employment agencies which charge fees for placing people in touch with jobs. While there are some good agencies, there are multitudes of shady concerns which batten on the unemployed.

All sorts of pension plans are under review, and the conference is also dealing with technical but important matters affecting the work at the docks.

Quietly and slowly this organisation is working to level up the standards of labour throughout the world. One of its principles, set out in the Peace Treaty, is:

"The failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labour is an obstacle in the way of other nations which desire to improve the conditions in their own countries."

It is inevitable that results are slow. The conference may make decisions, but the carrying out of them rests with the various countries, and the speed with which they act depends on public opinion.

That is why it is important that everyone should take an interest in the work of the I.L.O.

* * *

The reports produced by the skilled investigators of the organisation are themselves invaluable, and should be in every public library.

The staff of the organisation, which works in a large establishment on the outskirts of Geneva, is drawn from many lands.

In the main they are people who, in addition to their qualifications for their posts, are keen on the aims of the I.L.O. There are few, if any, jobs on the staff which would appeal to people solely concerned with making careers for themselves.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Best for the "JUBILEE"

"ALL'S well with Orwell" was a remark I heard after the Manton colt had flashed past the post in the Two Thousand Guineas. Naturally, he will be a very hot favourite for the Derby, but there may be better propositions in an each-way selection. I advise readers to leave the race alone for the time being.

It is surprising that only sixteen of forty entries for the Kempton "Jubilee" remain in, for this is the richest flat race handicap of the season. The winning owner pockets approximately £2,500.

I thought the race "good" for Jacopo, but the boil he developed on the leg put paid to his chance. I still think the prize will go to Newmarket, and I suggest PRICKET, trained by Lambton, as the winner. Pricket is owned by Mrs. Arthur James, and there is no stopping the ladies this season!

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 5 to Wednesday May 11.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

Football Matches played on May 7

OUR EXPERT SELECTS

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Chelsea v. WEST HAM.
**(2) EVERTON v. Portsmouth.
*(3) ARSENAL v. Blackburn.
(4) VILLA v. Huddersfield.
(5) BOLTON v. Liverpool.
(6) Grimsby v. WEDNESDAY.
**(7) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Leicester.
(8) NEWCASTLE v. Birmingham.
*(9) SHEFFIELD U. v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PLYMOUTH v. Chesterfield.
(2) CHARLTON v. Wolverhampton.
(3) STOKE v. Bradford.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Millwall.
(5) Burnley v. Forest.
**(6) LEEDS v. Port Vale.
**(7) NOTTS v. Bristol City.
(8) Oldham v. Barnsley.
(9) PRESTON v. Hotspur.
(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Manchester U.
(11) SWANSEA v. Bury.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) FULHAM v. Exeter.
**(2) READING v. Gillingham.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Torquay.
(4) BRENTFORD v. Thames.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Cardiff.
*(6) C. PALACE v. Orient.
(7) Mansfield v. Norwich.
(8) Q.P. RANGERS v. Bristol R.
(9) SOUTHEND v. Coventry.
(10) WATFORD v. Swindon.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

*(1) GATESHEAD v. Walsall.
(2) Rochdale v. Rotherham.
(3) BARROW v. Darlington.
(4) CARLISLE v. Accrington.
(5) CHESTER v. Wrexham.
*(6) CREWE v. Stockport.
(7) Doncaster v. TRANMERE.
(8) Hartlepools v. LINCOLN.
(9) N. Brighton v. Halifax.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—7 (*H*); Div. II.—6 (*H*); Southern Section—2 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*) would indicate Middlesbrough, Leeds, Reading and Gateshead.

Cap'n West always said: "For the smoothest, tenderest mouthful of chicken you choose breast meat—not 'drumsticks.' So when your appetite calls out for the rich, racy flavour of salmon at its best, choose Middle Cut."

And still they remember what the pioneer of salmon fishing told them long ago—it's Middle Cut every time when you ask for John West.

INSIST ON THE BEST . . AND BUY

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

Pelling, Stanley & Company Limited, Liverpool and 41 Eastcheap, London

4W 49-172

DRINK HOT WATER TO CLEAR SKIN

One of the best ways of keeping the complexion clear and fresh and the skin free from blemish is to drink plenty of hot water. Blotchiness, spots, pimples and other skin defects are sure indications that the blood-stream is polluted by impurities which ought to be eliminated by the liver and kidneys. To make certain that these organs function properly and keep your blood free from impurities you should drink, every morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate added. If all those with sallow skin, liver spots, pimples, rashes or pallid complexions would get a quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate costing but two shillings from any chemist, they will soon have a clear, healthy skin and look and feel brighter and better in every way.

FREE CASH PRIZES

763 Prizes, including £50 first and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 29. Read the conditions carefully. Enter this simple Competition and test your skill. Note the closing date May 27. Send your entry NOW!

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 66 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service:—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, and 6 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through. The Complete Sale (including the 16 Piece Cutlery Service). Ready for immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Privilege Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

"Poor blood causes SLEEPLESSNESS"

Feverish brain never at rest. Tired body tossing to and fro. Worn out—yet unable to sleep. EXHAUSTED!

The time to take precautions against this unhappy state is BEFORE you go to bed. When you have drawn too much upon your fund of energy during the day, take a glass of Hall's Wine with a biscuit before retiring.

Hall's Wine has iron and vitamins of the grape and valuable medicaments that enrich your blood, soothe fretted nerves, aid digestion and prepare body and mind for sound, tranquil repose.

Sleeplessness is only *one* of the many complaints due to Anæmic condition. Headaches, Nerves, Weakness, Depression and many wearying aches and pains are caused or aggravated by enfeebled blood. Let Hall's Wine enrich *your* blood and relieve you from these tryirg ailments. Try a bottle to-day.

"Hall's Wine enriches the blood"

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

Large bottle 5/6
Smaller size 3/3

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.3.

277

The BLACKPOOL Symphony

All through the Summer the Blackpool Symphony is in full swing. The healthy tonic air from the open sea, the pleasures of the golden shore, the joys of the open air bath, the care-free happiness of the golf courses and sports park, the charm of the promenade and cliff walks, and the enjoyment of unequalled entertainments.

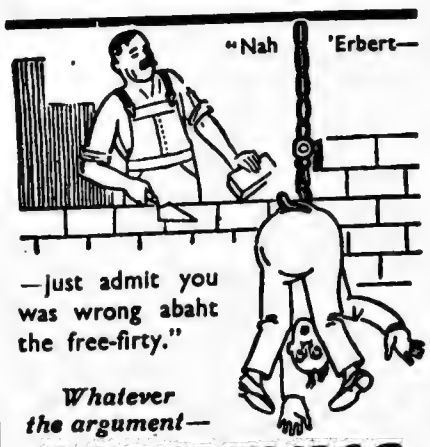
All work in perfect harmony and ensure a holiday of a thousand delights. Come now!

A beautifully illustrated booklet, "THE BLACKPOOL HOLIDAY JOURNAL," will be mailed free of charge to all who write to A. S. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. Secure your copy now, and learn more about this wonder resort!

TRAVEL BY LMS

EXPRESS SERVICES . . CHEAP FARES

Particulars from any L M S Station, Office or Agency.



—just admit you was wrong abaht the free-firty."

Whatever the argument—

BOLENIUMS

THE SUPER OVERALLS —

NEVER LET YOU DOWN

6/6 6/56 BRAQ

Worn by the man who knows. Bend, tug and twist as hard and as often as your work demands, Bolenium's will stand the strain.

Ask your Outfitter, or in cases of difficulty write to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS, Dept. 1, Upton Park, London, E.13

A REAL BARGAIN FOR MEN

Well Cut GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS

1/-

WITH ORDER.

These useful Trousers are smartly tailored in thoroughly reliable and hard-wearing Flannel of medium Grey colour, with pleated tops, two side straps and belt loops. They are fully cut and have strong pockets and P.T.U. bottoms.

Equally suitable for general wear or for sport.

We will send you a pair to try on at home, for first payment of 1/- only and balance of full price — which is 9/6 only — may be paid by monthly instalments if preferred. (See Coupon.)

Deposit refunded if not entirely satisfied.

WAIST MEASUREMENTS : 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches.

INSIDE LEG MEASUREMENTS : 29, 30, and 31 inches to each of the waist measurements.

M.S. 50 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, a pair of Grey Flannel Trousers, M.S. 50, at present Bargain Price of 9/6.

Waist Measure.....

Inside Leg.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full Cash only.

"John Bull," 7/5/32. No. 609.

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 609, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

The Happiest Hour of My LIFE

THE happiest hour of my life was when my degree was presented to me. In those days there were not the facilities for taking a University course which students are offered to-day.

But by dint of hard, private study, early in the morning and late at night before and after a day's work, I matriculated, passed the Intermediate, and finally graduated.

"Happy" does not describe strongly enough my state at the hour's presentation ceremony. The whole trend of my life was changed by it.—*F. John, London.*

Poems to Poet

When a girl, I sat on a cliff-seat at Cromer, reading. A man beside me asked if I was reading a novel. "No; poetry," I rejoined, and handed him a book of his own poems. It was Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, whom I had recognised.

The flush of pleasure that came over his countenance at once convinced me that his air of habitual aloofness was only a pose.

Thereafter followed the happiest hour of my life—a charming conversation with the great poet and his unsolicited autograph in my precious volume.—*Mrs. D., Walsall.*

Haven of Peace

Not *was*, but *is!* It comes daily—this "happiest hour" of my life. It never grows stale. The day's work is finished. The children are safe in bed. Doors are locked, blinds drawn, workaday things put away.

All over the household hovers the Angel of Peace. Then I sit and think—walk along the pathways of memory's garden; fight old battles; play old games; count my blessings.

For this is—Home! A treasure trove where all I love most abide. And this is happiness—to realise that I love them and it and that they love me.—*A. Davis, Middlesex.*

Pally

It was the dinner hour, and the cabin was full of men, smoking and talking, after finishing their meal.

A voice called out, "Shut up, mates, for a minute," and then added: "We're all sorry Bill's going to leave us, but we wish him the best of luck." He then handed me nearly £4, to help me pay expenses abroad.

That was twenty years ago, but I shall never forget that last hour with my mates, who gave their mite to help a pal in a new venture.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

Ecstasy!

Nothing can ever surpass the joy of my first hour of motherhood. To think that a real, live little creature was absolutely my own and even depended on me for its nourishment.

We were not merely "hubby" and "wife" now, but "mummy" and "daddy," too, and oh! the joy in discovering that baby's tiny face was 'daddy's' in miniature!

Forgotten were months of suffering, ending in hours of agony. I stroked a tiny, pink palm with my forefinger, and the weeny fingers closed tightly round mine. That was the happiest moment of all.—*"Happy," Northfleet.*

"Hoop-la!"

Waiting for my train home, I wandered through a fairground, and felt a tug at my sleeve.

On turning round I saw two little urchins about ten. "Take us on the horses, mister," one remarked.

I threw my pride to the winds and joined the youngsters on the merry-go-round. The hearty laughter that came from them did my heart good. From there to the hoop-la! and then to the circus.

An hour later, the children were going home with toys and chocolates, and I was walking to the station with a "gorgeous" vase under my arm.—*A. Simons, Manchester.*

Released

The happiest hour of my life began when I stepped from the train at the village station one December morning in 1918, after spending the previous nine months as a prisoner of war at Gelsenkirchen, Germany.

To think that I should soon once more be with those who had waited and prayed for my return from those unspeakable conditions filled me with joy untold.

Though I have experienced much pleasure and happiness since those far-off days, I still rank this as my life's happiest hour.—*F. Mercer, Preston.*

Best Prize

The school was assembled for the annual prize-giving. All the parents were there. My three brothers were each at the top of his class. I alone of the family was to receive no prize. I sat overwhelmed with shame.

All the medals were given, all the praises sung, and I think I cheered with the best.

There was a pause and the rector said: "I now come to that which is perhaps most difficult of attainment. This"—holding up a school crest in silver—"is for the most popular boy in the school."

Then my name was read out.—*H. M., Glasgow.*

"It's Lovely"

My happiest hour was when I handed to my mother my first earnings, the princely sum of 6s. 8d., which was one month's salary for a pupil-teacher in those days.

"Thank you, dear," she said, as she received the envelope. "It's lovely to think that now I have someone to earn for me."

Her words served to complete the happiness of that hour, for she had been a widow for many years, and had worked hard to keep me at school.—*"Repaid," Newton.*

* * *

When my little boy first said "Mummy."—*Mrs. A., Worcester.*

We bought most of our furniture on the hire system. When I took the last payment and saw "Paid, with thanks," written across the account was the happiest time in my life.—*Happy Wife, Newsome.*

When we stepped into the taxi together to start on our honeymoon.—*S. J. F., Portsmouth.*

When I was chosen to play for my school eleven, and had the satisfaction of scoring the only goal.—*Schoolboy, Hesleden.*

One of the limbless victims of the Great War I had despaired of ever walking again. The hour in which I discovered I could again "stand on my own legs"—though these were only artificial—was the happiest of my life.—*Disabled, Essex.*

Enchanted Land

AS a child of ten, London born and bred, sent into the country to recover after an illness, I was taken into a primrose wood to pluck blossoms to send home.

Never shall I forget the absolute happiness of that hour. I was in an enchanted land, picking fairy blossoms and smelling their wonderful fragrance. I scarce tread for fear of crushing some, and my childish hands trembled with joy at such loveliness.

To this day the sight and smell of primroses brings back immediately the thrill of that wonderful time spent among their beauty.—Mrs. A. Houston, Hants.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 10.

The Advice I Wish I'd Never Taken—and Why

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

CREWE CHRONICLE:—"Wanted, young man as Improver with a little experience in MATCH and clock repairs."

HOME OWNER:—"It is wise to test the fact that the current is really OFF by switching ON a light."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Their arrival at the church was announced by the CHATTER of tiny hoofs."

TRUE ROMANCE MAGAZINE:—"Then his lip curled into a suspicious FROWN and he stopped short."

BRITISH BAKER:—"This applied until after the WAR, when the FORTY-EIGHT HOUR DAY was introduced."

CORNISH ECHO:—"The bride CARRIED a BUTTONHOLE of daffodils."

DAILY MAIL:—"The game had been started according to custom by Mr. ——, whose DESCENDANTS for four generations have thrown off the ball."

BUCKS HERALD:—"Always in stock, TIRED young horses, suitable for farm work."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"We are giving FREE tablets for 6d."

WATERFORD EVENING NEWS:—"For sale, three or four building sites, with a few yards of RAILWAY STATION."

WESTERN WEEKLY NEWS:—"The man of the house would appreciate a set of coloured WOODEN golfing ties."

ANDOVER ADVERTISER:—"First he sang 'Lord God of Abraham,' and lastly his CROWING effort, 'Behold, I tell you a mystery.'"

DAGENHAM POST:—"The audience arose and turned HER back to the onlookers."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

A few years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and a Skin Preserver.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" prevents formations of wrinkles and lines and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers, who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

"SHAVEX" will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with "SHAVEX," as there is no soda in "SHAVEX" to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush. "SHAVEX" is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus was one of the greatest Navigators. He set sail on the "Santa Maria" in 1492. He discovered America and many Islands on October 12th, 1492. He died in poverty at the age of 60, in the year 1506, without any recognition. He suffered terrible hardship, even his sailors were taken from prison dungeons. He was very religious, tall, fine complexion, clean shaven; neat in dress. His shaving materials were composed of oils. These oils are made up in SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is sold Everywhere at

LARGE TUBE **1/-** DOUBLE QUANTITY in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months) **1/6**

The **SHAVEX OUTFIT**, containing a "Shavex" Safety Razor, a 10-Day Tube of "Shavex," and a "Shavex" Super Blade, is obtainable, price 6d., from all chemists or sent post free.

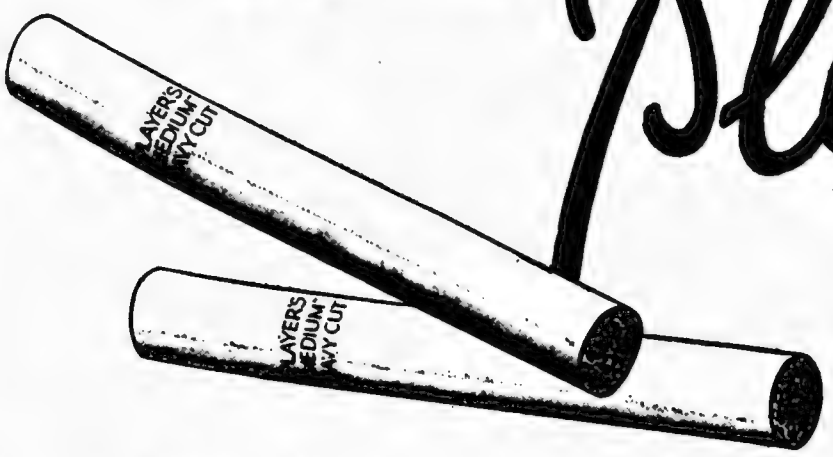
WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
Of all Chemists and Stores:—
One Blade 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kel Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

THE MILLIONS WHO SMOKE THEM MUST BE RIGHT

They say *Player's Please*



The Quality and Quantity Cigarette

N.C.C. 104. F.

JOHN BULL'S
GIANT CROSSWORD PRIZE
SHATTERS ALL RECORDS

£3,000

LAST DAYS TO ENTER
CLOSING NOON THURS. MAY 12

£100 SECOND PRIZE

MUST BE WON EASY TO ENTER NO CLAIMS REQUIRED ONE PAPER ONLY

THERE is still time for you to win the greatest Crossword prize before the public to-day—"John Bull's" stupendous First of £3,000 cash. Two final coupons for this contest are provided on this page.

On page 17 you will see that Mr. W. Taylor, of 5, Ynys Street, Ynyshir, Glam., has just won our huge Crossword Prize outright—and he is the fifth competitor to do so in the past seven weeks.

This mighty £3,000 prize may also be won outright—and you can be the reader who alone finds the solution to the absorbing puzzle.

The clues are waiting to be solved and the cash is waiting to be won. But you cannot afford to wait. Only if your entry is in by noon, Thursday, May 12, can you be the winner of this sensational sum of £3,000 for half an hour's amusement.

Get busy this evening—and remember that for this contest only you may send in as many entries as you wish.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, May 12th.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners in connection with this Contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, May 26th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, June 7th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

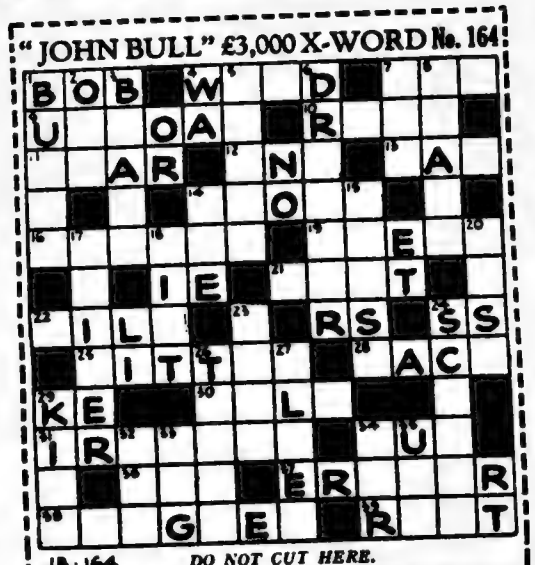
SEND ENTRY FEE AS BELOW

With 2 squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With 4 squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
Extra entries at same rate—see Rule 1

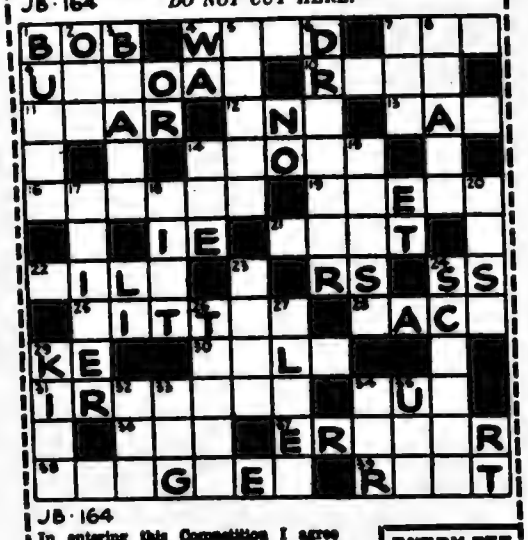
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution and Winners will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26th.

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 164



JB·164 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·164

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

£1,300 X-WORD CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK
See No. 162 Result on Page 40

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Slang for a shilling.
4. Is in fairy godmother's hands.
7. Is often in shafts.
9. Discharge
10. Comes out in spring.
11. What frightened horses do.
12. Single number.
13. Is seen around a field.
14. Corrode.
16. A dozen.
19. Failing of the glutton.
21. Is used when casting metals.
22. Document concerning money.
25. Small particle.
28. Every one.
30. Often runs round garden.
31. A troublous island.
34. May provide food.
36. Moved swiftly.
37. Removes typist's mistakes.
38. Walk which attracts attention.
39. Repose.

CLUES DOWN.

1. In a damaged condition.
2. Wisest number of drinks.
3. Follows playing with fire.
5. Love intensely.
6. It moves mud from river bed.
7. Residue of a cigarette.
8. Cut.
14. Got Adam into trouble.
15. Rub out.
17. What he writes is not always accurate.
18. Cheerful song.
20. Making one is warm work.
23. Having this gets you on in life.
24. Are often made at home.
26. Nasal tone of voice.
27. Older.
29. Awaiting daddy on his return.
32. An age.
33. Loiter.
34. Is known to fishermen.
35. Apply to a purpose.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

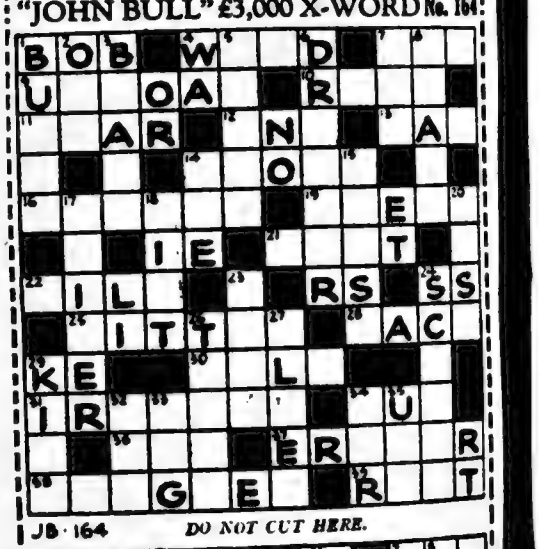
THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, May 12

SKYWRIOWTING

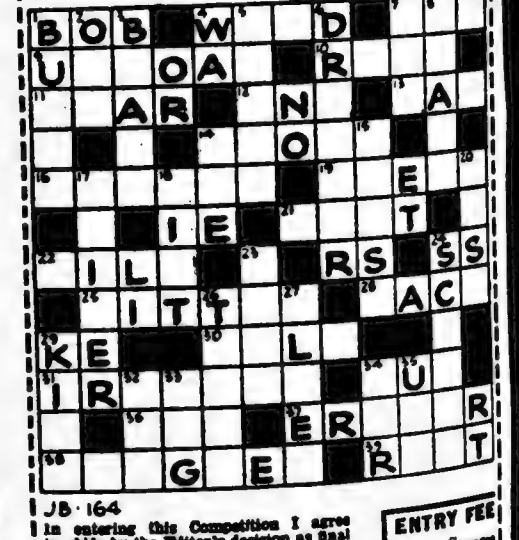
Strike out some of those letters above and leave the rest to spell out in proper order your answer to the Clue—"High Words."

Done it? Well, you've made a start towards the £175 cash and other prizes offered by "Passing Show" in this week's issue.

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 164



JB·164 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·164

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

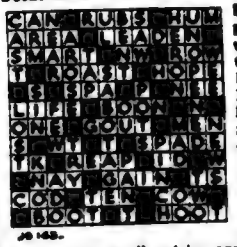
ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 163



JB 163.

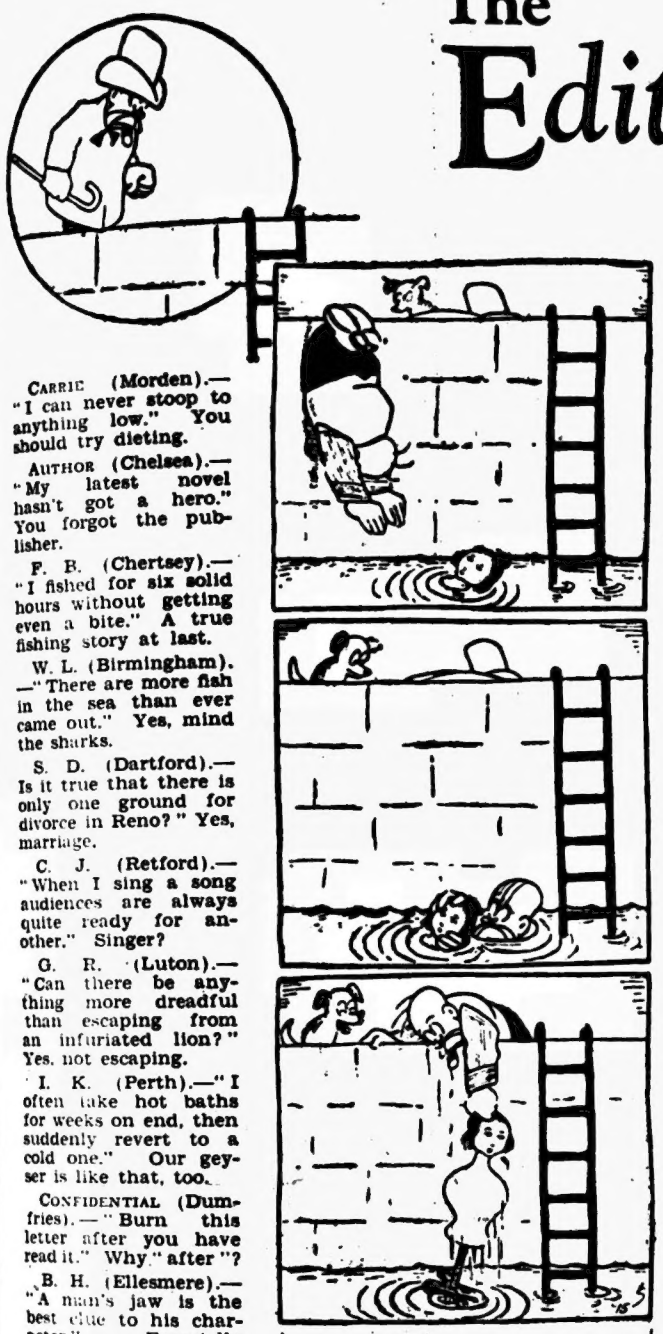
Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 163 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

POST EARLY AS POSSIBLE—ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 164,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH
for this £3,000 contest. Two other entry forms appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" X-word Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, stating number of additional forms required.

The Editor Laughs LAST



ADAMSON: *The Model Hero*

CARRIE (Morden).—"I can never stoop to anything low." You should try dieting.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"My latest novel hasn't got a hero." You forgot the publisher.

F. B. (Chertsey).—"I fished for six solid hours without getting even a bite." A true fishing story at last.

W. L. (Birmingham).—"There are more fish in the sea than ever came out." Yes, mind the sharks.

S. D. (Dartford).—Is it true that there is only one ground for divorce in Reno?" Yes, marriage.

C. J. (Retford).—"When I sing a song audiences are always quite ready for another." Singer?

G. R. (Luton).—"Can there be anything more dreadful than escaping from an infuriated lion?" Yes, not escaping.

I. K. (Perth).—"I often take hot baths for weeks on end, then suddenly revert to a cold one." Our geyser is like that, too.

CONFIDENTIAL (Dumfries).—"Burn this letter after you have read it." Why "after"?

B. H. (Ellesmere).—"A man's jaw is the best clue to his character." Especially when he wags it.

G. H. (Brixton).—"A man was accused of passing over 200 spurious £1 notes in shops." A counterfeit counter feat.

TOM (Glasgow).—"There are over 100,000 newspapers and periodicals in the world." Then why pick on us?

R. M. (Daventry).—"Many women of fifty look twenty years younger." The remainder just say they are.

G. M. (Truro).—"My runner beans are coming up very slowly this year." Are you sure they are not hikers?

S. R. (Staines).—"Grey eyes are a sign of weak will." And black eyes are a sign of weak defence.

B. W. (Wimbledon).—"I am perfecting machinery to improve the speed of steam laundries." Those we know are already in a tearing hurry.

N. H. (Ormskirk).—"As it is too wet to go out, I am taking the opportunity of writing to you." Another grudge we owe the weather.

TRADESMAN (Blackfriars Road).—"I have reduced my prices to meet the pockets of the man in the street." You must be giving stuff away.

P. T. (Hampstead).—"A vegetarian diet will keep anyone daintily slender." It doesn't seem to have done much for elephants.

CANADIAN (Bloomsbury).—"There is nothing like English rain." Evidently you have not yet sampled the soup at some of our seaside boarding-houses.

E. K. (Ramsgate).—"After dinner, there is always a lot to be said without the ladies." And without the ladies, some chance of saying it.

V. Z. (Chingford).—"I am enclosing a specimen of my art, to which I am wedded." Take our advice and get a divorce.

P. L. (Kingston).—"According to the rules of etiquette there are some things that are not done in high-class restaurants." We had a chop like that the other day.

D. A. (Aldershot).—"My job needs brains." Yet you manage to keep it!

H. S. (Harrow).—"Complete ignorance is bliss." You happy soul.

F. M. (Lewes).—"I let my wife think she is boss." See letter below.

R. M. (Lewes).—"I let my husband imagine he is boss." See letter above.

MODERN MISS (Linton).—"Do you think our grandmothers could teach us anything?" Yes—how to blush.

W. M. (Edgware).—"I was attacked in my own garden by my neighbour's goat." These animals are very apt to butt in.

D. G. (Barnes).—"Why blame the B.B.C.—it does not write its own plays." But it broadcasts them!

T. T. (Upware).—"Is it not possible to find a substitute for whisky?" Yes, in almost any bar.

SALLY (Quarter).—"Is rain-water good for one's complexion?" Yes; if one's complexion is one's complexion.

H. M. (Boston).—"He offered me a penny for my thoughts." Some people do not know the value of money.

JOHN (Newbury).—"What can be worse than hugging a delusion?" Getting married to it.

T. N. (Luton).—"I am in a job where I never get a look in." And, on the other hand, if you had not got it—you would probably be on the look-out.

B. N. (Acton).—"A solicitor's charge of 6s. 8d. seems to me a strange amount. What does he make it for?" Almost anything.

G. M. C. (Bradford).—"No one knows how to stop a cat howling at night." Still, there's no harm in having a shot at it.

T. M. (Exeter).—"I never waste money on rubbish." So that's why we had to pay threepence surcharge on your letter!

M. V. (Staines).—"A sudden increase of orders in my business has prevented my visiting you." May your success continue.

H. W. (Henley).—"Plenty of hard work made me what I am to-day." Whose hard work?

F. C. (Wimbledon).—"That play made me think." That wasn't a play, it was a miracle.

B. C. (Rugby).—"My fiancée is very clever at cards. She has told my fortune." Wait till she starts to cut it.

T. M. (Newcastle).—"Some judges have very short tempers." Think what trying times they have.

H. S. (Colne).—"This letter will leave you open-mouthed." Yes, and we are still yawning.

G. W. (Teddington).—"There's no fun like work." But some people can't see the joke.

H. V. (Windsor).—"When there is a full moon, the music on the wireless is much weaker than usual." Moonlight has more advantages than we supposed.

M. J. (Norwich).—"Playing for money does not in any way improve a game of cards." We've been having hands like that lately, too.

OPTIMIST (Sunderland).—"I wish I knew what kind of a summer we are going to have." Be thankful, rather, that you do not.

E. G. (Shoreham).—"The bottom has dropped out of the second-hand market." You should see what's dropped out of our second-hand car.

S. W. (Harwich).—"What would you call a man who definitely refuses to buy his wife more than one hat a year?" A hero.

L. D. (Bingley).—"There are far fewer women singers since women started smoking." That's the best argument in favour of women smoking we've heard yet.

M. H. (Purley).—"Do you think girls are now worse than their mothers were?" No, and that's what makes some of them so furious.

N. D. (Folkestone).—"A new flower discovered in Central Africa is to be called Niffidolliphantissianthemum." We hope not to have to refer to this again.

E. S. (Bournemouth).—"Is laboured breathing always a sign of unfitness?" No; sometimes it's an indication that the sufferer has just received the bill for his wife's new spring outfit.

A. J. M. (Edgbaston).—"The world hasn't really altered much since pre-war days." Still, bits of it have. For instance, *Bullets* First has grown from £100 to this week's record of 1,250 Guineas. Let a coupon from page 39 alter *your* world.

A. C. (Birmingham).—"I have travelled so extensively that it becomes difficult to find any new or unexplored regions." Try a Saturday afternoon's motoring with a friend who knows all the short cuts.

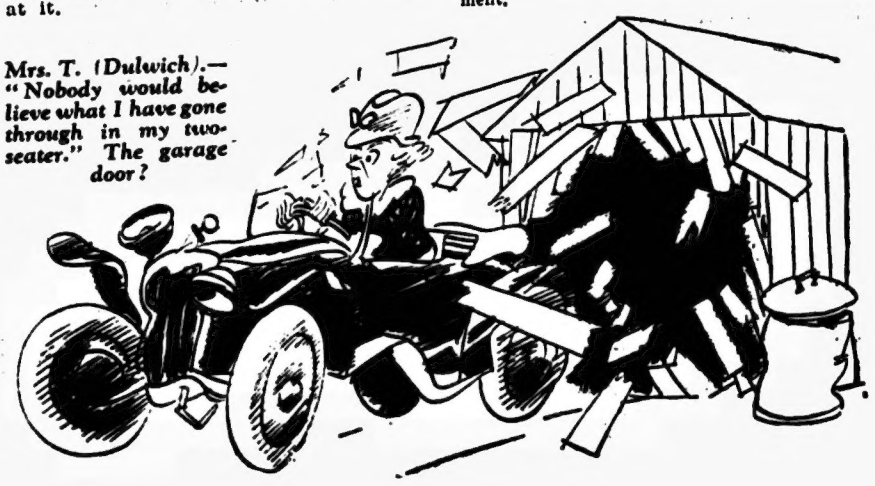
W. S. (Enfield).—"Do you agree with me that a person with a good joke to suit every occasion is nearly always welcome at the table?" Yes, unless the other three are playing bridge.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

Mrs. T. (Dulwich).—"Nobody would believe what I have gone through in my two-seater." The garage door?



..you will be more pleased with

"Tremola"
(REGD)
SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

IT is a happy experience to find that by paying only the moderate figure charged for "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas, one can still be well and stylishly dressed. "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas are made from a reliable fabric; made to fit you neatly; made to fit the popular idea of what such lasting garments should cost.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "Tricoline" — THE EQUAL TO SILK. | A Wemco FABRIC.

See tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.
Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

Furnishing Problems Solved!

Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 23 for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of their easy terms and unique Free Insurance Plan. Their unrivalled protection policy provides that in cases of illness or accident your instalments are paid for you. Send the Coupon NOW!

WHITELEYS

Birthday Gift to Cyclists!

★3 MONTHLY PAYMENTS FREE

Our "KILDARE"

Chromium Plated Roadster (Model 1) and Light Roadster (Model 4) with sloping tube at List Price £3 17 6
BIRTHDAY PRICE
£3:3:0
ALL ACCESSORIES INCLUDED

★ USUAL TERMS 15 Monthly Payments of 6/-

★ BIRTHDAY TERMS 12 Monthly Payments of 6/-

Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

THIS OFFER IS AVAILABLE FROM MAY 2nd to 16th ONLY. THE PERIOD OF OUR BIRTHDAY SALE.

ON MAY 17th THE PRICE WILL REVERT TO £3 17s. 6d. BUT ALL ENQUIRIES RECEIVED DURING THIS PERIOD WILL BE DEALT WITH.

ALL BRITISH. FULL GUARANTEE.

SPECIFICATION.

Weldless Steel Frame.	Dunlop Waterproof Saddle.
Dunlop Reinforced Roadster Tyres.	VILLIERS Freewheel.
Dunlop Rims.	BAYLISS-WILEY Hubs.
	WILLIAMS Chain Wheel.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL SALE LIST, SENT POST FREE.

Queen's Road, London, W.2. 'Phone: Park 1434.

A WARNING TO PRETTY GIRLS

Only One Safeguard

You never can tell what type of beauty will attract a man. Girls that you think positively plain often get married, while others, much better looking, remain old maids. What's the secret of this personal magnetism? Difficult to say—but one thing is certain. The girl who is always fresh and dainty—the girl in whose bodily presence there is joyous fresh air cleanliness will never want for popularity so far as men are concerned. Take care, therefore, always to be free of that slight but unmistakable odour that comes from perspiration. The most careful washing will not remove it. But one thing which is both simple and cheap most infallibly will. You know it—its name is Milton. With every bottle—including the sixpenny size—the new Milton booklet is given away free. It contains full directions—together with pages of intimate toilet hints which it is essential you should know. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

But now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Lt , Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

CATARRH PRESCRIPTION

The doctor ordered Nostroline Nasal Specific for my Catarrh. I got relief at once and soon my stuffy nose was clear and soothed. 1/3 at the Chemist's.

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J.87 Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

A 32-page Magazine *FREE TO READERS.*

Full of interesting stories, articles and other items of interest, and also wonderful gifts which can be obtained in exchange for coupons from Park Drive Cigarettes, a copy of the PARK DRIVE MAGAZINE will be sent FREE to readers of "John Bull," if they write to Gallaher, Ltd., 67, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Simply send a p.c. and mention "John Bull" when writing.

Women Wedded to DANGER

WHO would ever think that as soon as the click of the front door latch announces the departure of the bread-winner, the housewife is confronted with duties about the home which may actually involve serious injury or worse? Who would ever think that the dusting of cobwebs off picture rail or ceiling—the hanging of a picture—the drying of clothes in the garden—the scrubbing of linoleum and other seemingly trivial domestic duties could cost housewives their lives? Yet such is the case, as our records show.

Danger lurks in unsuspected places, and it is wise to be prepared.

We again remind our readers that JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance, which covers accidents in the home up to £200, has recently been greatly extended and made more practical and comprehensive than ever before.

One of the outstanding features is a 10 per cent. Bonus on all Benefits paid. This means that if your home were gutted by Fire and JOHN BULL assessed the damage to your belongings at £1,000, you would receive an extra £100. Similarly, if burglars broke in and your loss was estimated at £200, you would receive an extra £20.

Every reader who at the time of receiving benefit has been registered for three months or more is entitled to this bonus from JOHN BULL.

That security which you now enjoy may be rudely shattered some day. Avail yourself, therefore, of JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance, which includes the following benefits:

- Fire up to £1,000.
- Burglary up to £200.
- Storm, Flood up to £300.
- Home Accidents up to £200.
- Sports Accidents up to £500.
- Sickness Benefit up to £10 10s.
- Lightning damage to wireless up to £10.
- Children's benefits, £3.

The registration forms are below. Sign them now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 7/5/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 7/5/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.** *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Your New Skin

White, Fresh, Smooth

Try This Specialist's Recipe

Wipe away those Blackheads & Ugly Skin Scales

Latest discoveries now make it easy for any woman to quickly purify, soften and whiten her skin—no matter how coarse, rough and discoloured it may be. The new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy) is tonic, astringent and whitening. It penetrates instantly. Thus, irritated skin glands are soothed and skin pores are tightened. Blackheads are dissolved and fall away. Wrinkles of fatigue vanish. The driest skin is freshened. An oily skin no longer shines or looks greasy.

When used regularly every morning, this new Crème Tokalon (White Colour) is guaranteed to give amazing new skin freshness and beauty, such as can be obtained in no other way.

Don't rely on Faith—

HERE'S PROOF!

Sure Relief from

BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, WHITLOWS, POISONED WOUNDS.

Every year for 85 years. Lion Ointment has done its job successfully for millions of men, women and children. Relief Guaranteed or Money Refunded. What can be fairer?

Write for Guarantee to Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

Get a box to-day from your Chemist, 1/3, 2/- or 5/-. Keep it handy also for Burns, Scalds, Bites, Stings.

LION OINTMENT

GASTRIC STOMACH

PROMPT RELIEF!

Mrs. Sunderland, 9, St. Luke's St., Claremount, Halifax, writes:—"I have suffered with GASTRIC STOMACH for about 2 years, and have tried all kinds of medicines, but none of them did me any good. A friend asked me to try Vitadatio and I can honestly say it has worked wonders on me, and I feel better than I have done for many months."

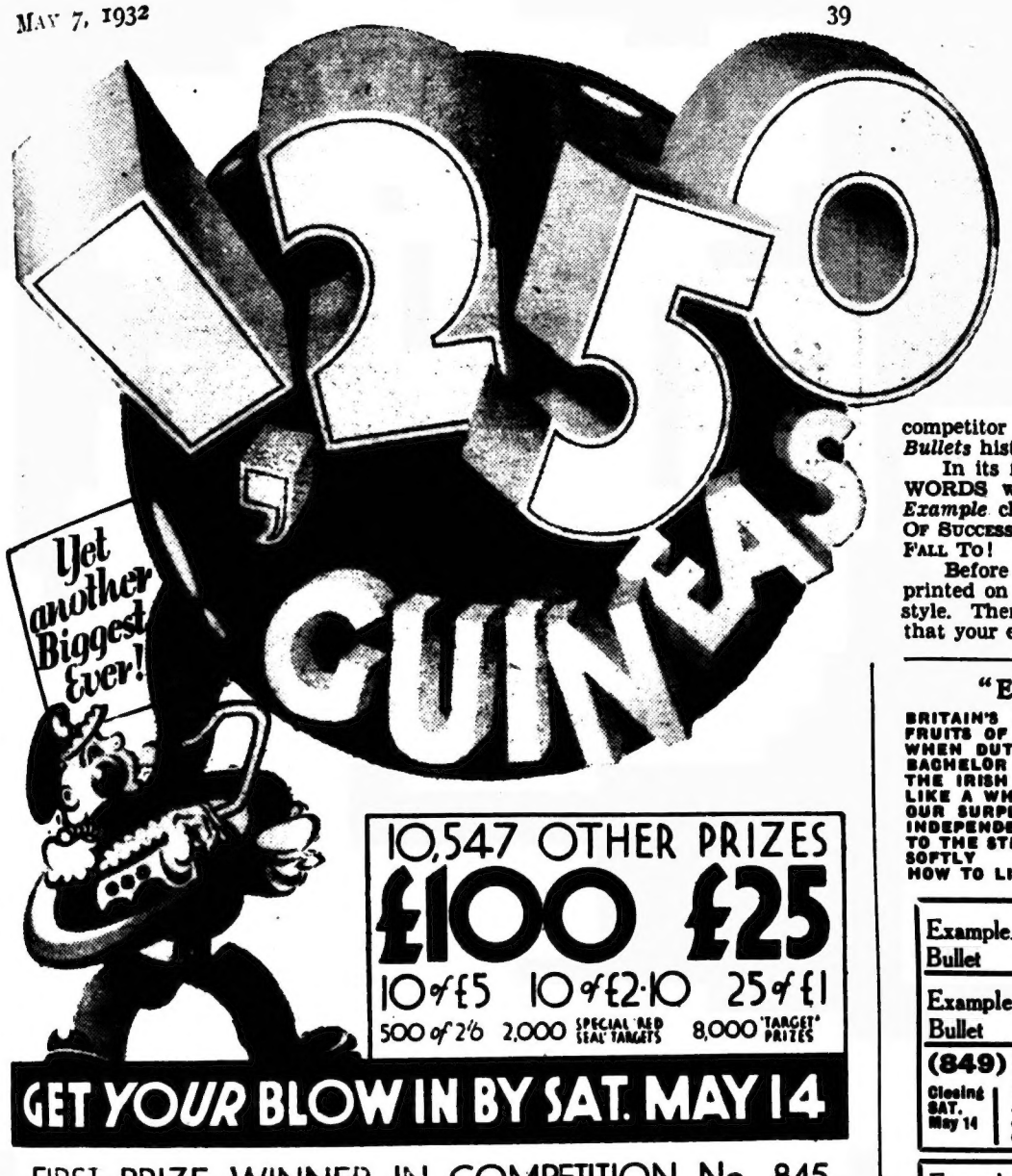
If you are a sufferer—Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments, and Women's Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in G. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from

VITADATIO, No. 181, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V171

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS


£1,250
GUINEAS
Yet another Biggest Ever!
10,547 OTHER PRIZES
£100 £25
10 of £5 10 of £2·10 25 of £1
500 of 2/6 2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL TARGETS 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
GET YOUR BLOW IN BY SAT. MAY 14

BE QUICK FOR "BULLETS"

RECORD One-week FIRST!

THIS IS THE WAY TO WIN

CRASH! Another *Bullets* record is shattered to-day—as usual, by JOHN BULL himself! For a few well-chosen words of ordinary English, which you can put together within the next half-hour, you can capture the colossal sum of 1,250 Guineas in the Record one-week contest before you.

What a thrilling experience to receive that First Prize telegram on May 27, telling you that you are the richer by £1,312 10s. in solid cash! Well, why shouldn't *you* be the competitor to capture the biggest one-week prize in nearly twenty years of *Bullets* history?

In its finished form a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which make a pointed comment and link up aptly with the *Example* chosen. For instance, suppose you selected the *Example* FRUITS OF SUCCESS, you could complete a *Bullet* by adding the words DON'T FALL—FALL TO!

Before starting on your own efforts, however, let the winning *Bullets* printed on this page show you how to polish your own ideas into winning style. Then spend half an hour making your own *Bullets*—and remember that your entry must be in by Saturday, May 14.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 849.

BRITAIN'S BACK	DRUDGERY	MISERABLE FAILURE
FRUITS OF SUCCESS	THE OWNER	TAUGHT ME A LESSON
WHEN DUTY CALLS	CARELESS DRIVER	INQUISITIVE CHILD
BACHELOR PRINCE	WHEN GRUNDY ARRIVES	ANNOYS DAD
THE IRISH	ONE LITTLE KISS AND	STOPS AT HOME
LIKE A WHIRLWIND	THE WORST OF IT IS	WELCOMED BY ALL
OUR SURPLUS	UNLESS WE'RE QUICK	IT'S 1932, BUT
INDEPENDENCE	UPROAR IN THE NURSERY	WAY TO RECOVER
TO THE STRONG	SHOWS HE'S A HUMBUG	MY HORSE
SOFTLY	SHOULD WIVES HAVE WAGES?	FUTILE
HOW TO LIVE		FROM NATURE

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(849) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. May 14 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(849) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. May 14 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(849) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. May 14 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address_____

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(849) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. May 14 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Address_____

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 849, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE "BULLETS" AID

I enclose P.O. No.....value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry

ADDRESS.....

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Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 13, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

NEXT WEEK ONLY — FINE FIRST PRIZE AND BONUS OFFER OF RADIO GRAMOPHONES

FIRST PRIZE WINNER IN COMPETITION No. 845.

£6 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £1,500, OR 4,500 GUINEAS CASH.

Mr. T. ROBERTS, 33, Maud Street, Street, New Basford, Nottingham.

Example:—IF WE WANT PEACE
Bullet:—LET *Meek Greet Meek.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. E. J. ROBINSON, 38, Upper Richmond Road, East Sheen, S.W.
Example:—The Master
Bullet:—"Great Power" Disarmament *Pleases.*

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. L. HEPBURN, 26, Learmonth Grove, Edinburgh.
Example:—Our Record
Bullet:—Fastest "Travellers" — Slowest Salesmen.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. BUXTON, Normanby, Eston, Yorks.
Not Quite—His—Keeps Him Hers.

L. CLARKE, 14, Leicester Street, Sleaford.
Daring—"Builders," "Riveted" Empire "Girders."

Miss H. DUNCAN, 90, Abbey Hill, Edinburgh.
If We Want Peace—If? Hold My Coat—!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. C. DUTTON, 14, Heron Road, Meols, Ches.
Married Bliss—"Mates" Not Merely "Messmates."

Mrs. W. MARTIN, 55, St. George's Road, Beccles, Suffolk.
Married Bliss—Love "Reigns"—Duty "Governs."

T. MARTINS, 52, Rawson Street, Farnworth, Lancs.
He Fell Asleep And—Awoke In Failure's "Sting."

Mrs. M. RATCLIFF, 65, The Mead, Darlington.
Britannia's Home—"But For Heroes," Nowhere.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
Married Bliss—"Transport" Includes Carrying Coals.

S. SYLVESTER, 133, Beresford Road, Hornsey, London, N.
At Sea—On "Golden Sandbank," World.

W. THOMAS, 9, Crescent Road, Gwaun-cae-Gurwen.
His Widow—*Also* Faces "Another World."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. V. BRITTAN, Knollys House, Knollys Road, Aldershot.
Speed—Breakfast, England—Indigestion, India.

E. DAVIES, Criterion, Dolgelley, N. Wales.
Overdoing It—Baby—Woke Up Cockerel!

R. P. DAWSON, The Fairway, Seahouses, Northumberland.
Speed—World Advised *Seconds* Later.

J. C. GILL, 21, Stonehill Street, Somerset.
Still Unemployed—Day's March Nearer *Homelessness.*

W. HARRISON, 42, Ladybarn Road, Manchester.
He's Our M.P., But—Says "Aye!" Not "I—"

R. LLOYD, 306, High Street, Bangor, N. Wales.
Thanks To The Chancellor—Taxpayer's Bald Spot, "Halo."

S. McCABE, 90, Hartington Road, Brighton.
Swallows—Inspired Gliding—Not Bombing.

D. H. NOBLE, 43, Linaker Street, Southport.
He's Our M.P., But—Westminster Doesn't Suit Asthma.

L. TAYLOR, 275, Hollings Road, Manningham, Bradford.
Our Record—Shopkeeping—And Fighting Customers!

D. THACKRAY, 85, Smith House Avenue, Brighouse.
Sick World—Judging By Sonny's Wireless.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s., and 1,000 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed *[& Co.]* Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

BONUS OFFER RESULT.—The £250 Bonus offered in connection with "Bullets" 844 has been increased to allow each of the 881 competitors whose claims were in order to receive a payment of 6s. each. These awards have been despatched. List at "John Bull's" Offices.

"Bullets" No 849—Newsagents' Prizes: First, £6; Second, £2; Third, £1.

PECERY

Put your pen through some of the letters above, leaving the rest to spell out in proper order your solution to the clue—"Peep."

Done it? Well, solve the other seven "Pass-words" in to-morrow's "Passing Show" and £150 may be yours!

DUNLOP TYRES
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WATERPROOF SADDLES
for every class of cyclist

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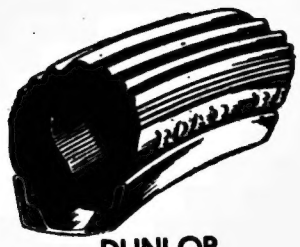
ROADSTER
Cover 7/6 Tube 2/6



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Cover 7/6 Tube 3/-

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The most popular in the Dunlop Range
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Comfort on the longest run. The latest H.39 (Provisionally Patented) anatomically shaped with special comfort-giving channel.
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2H/101

£1,300 Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 162.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following 24 competitors, who share the £1,300 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £53 1s. 8d. will be sent:—

Banks, J. W., 124, Manley Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester. Breed, Miss J., Brook St., Sileby, Leics. Canty, Mrs. J., 66, Edgecombe St., Newland Ave., Hull. Clews, A., Ballidon, Ashbourne, Derby. Cox, Mrs. A., 39, Brynsadler, Pontyclun, Cardiff. Davison, W., 7, Barnsley Rd., Sth. Elmsall, Yorks. Harrison, C., 2, Dawson Ave., Odsal, Bradford. Hearn, M. s. C., 5, Church Lane, North Wingfield, Nr. Chesterfield. Jeffries, Mrs., Lascelles Hall, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield. Jones, J. R., Myrtle Villa, Llanfairfechan, N. Wales. Mason & Slaite, Bets, Alfall Rd., Stoke, Coventry. Mitchell, L. A., 3, Northumberland Ave., Newbiggin-by-Sea. Mines, A., 27, Cemetery Rd., Leabrooks, Derbys. O'Toole, A., 3, Moulton Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool. Phelps, G. G., 10, Newtown, Cinderford, Glos. Sabatini, F., Kettering, Northants (Please send full address). Snowdon, G., 4, Station Rd., Newburn-on-Tyne. Stallard, T. G., 21, Hedley Terr., Llanelly. Vaughan, J. T., 31, Gunnersbury Lane, Acton, W.3. West, W. H., 194, Clifford St., Lozells, Birmingham. Wheeley, G., 125, Streatham Rd., Mitcham. Wilkinson, E., Craigmore, Longsight Rd., Nr. Blackburn. Wood, Mrs. H., A20, The Cottages, Scotswood, Northumberland. Wood, R. C., 67, The Park, Woodlands, Doncaster.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 17th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 171 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive 5s. 11d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Be sure to enter for "John Bull's" Record X-Word Contest this week with the colossal Must-Be-Won First Prize of £3,000. Turn to Page 36 and fill in your Entry Now.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL 3-SPEED OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, & stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine

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Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector. Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price **£5.16.3**

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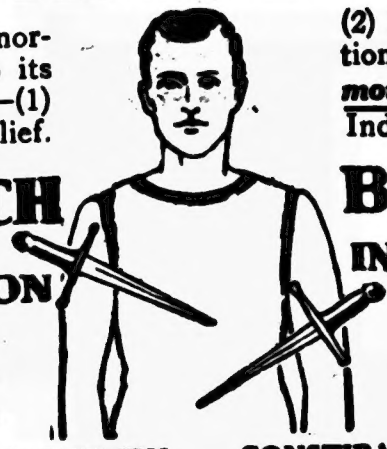
are always at
"DAGGERS DRAWN"

Cicfa owes its enormous success to its two-fold action:—(1) It gives prompt relief.



(2) It restores Digestion ***because it removes the cause*** of Indigestion.

STOMACH INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

ACIDITY with **HEARTBURN.**
GASES with eructations.
NEURALGIC HEAD-ACHES.
TONGUE coated white.
COMPLEXION blotchy.
REDNESS of nose.
EATING disliked and Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest.
BURNING SPOT behind left Shoulder-blade.

BOWEL INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

CONSTIPATION with griping pains in Bowel.
FLATULENCE.
Dull, Heavy **HEAD-ACHES.**
ACIDITY causing Lumbago,
RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, etc.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
TONGUE coated yellow.
BILIOUSNESS and bad taste in mouth.

Many say "I never feel 'fit'"; many more say "I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the Shoulder-Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating."

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, should know that Digestion **begins** in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is **continued** on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and **completed** in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy food. **WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.**

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the natural Digestive Ferments AND SO RESTORES DIGESTION. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing *a feeling of perfect fitness* throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE 1/3 and 3/-.

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EVERY PACKAGE BEARS A GOVERNMENT STAMP.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

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Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Regis St., Hanchester Sq., London, W.1.

"John Bull," 7/5/32.

Have you tried the NEW Method of Shaving?

No Soap—No Brush—Simply use SHAVEX! A Sample tube will be sent to readers who cut out the coupon in the advert. on p. 35. Simply attach name and address and enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage, etc.

A free sample of Zee-Kol Ointment, Medicated Pills, etc., is also offered by the same firm on p. 31. Simply cut out the coupon!

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